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The Navigator

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Update on Libby Indictment

By Erica Schultz

On October 28th Lewis "Scooter" Libby was indicted on five charges of perjury, obstruction of justice, fraud and conspiracy and other crimes related to the CIA leak scandal. Libby has pleaded not guilty and if convicted he faces up to 30 years in prison. His next court appearance is February 3rd. This investigation has been going on for two years, with federal prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald trying to piece together just who leaked the name of CIA operative Valerie Plame.

Valerie Plame's husband is Joe Wilson, a very vocal critic of the Bush administration and the war in Iraq. Some view the leak of Plame's name to journalists at payback for Wilson openly criticizing the Iraq war, saying that there were no weapons of mass destruction and that there was no evidence that Saddam Hussein had made any attempts to procure uranium in Africa. Wilson traveled to Niger in 2001 to see if any purchases or any attempted purchases for uranium had been made by Iraq. Wilson concluded that no such purchases had been made and that the United State's reasons for invading Iraq were unfounded.

Initially it was thought that Bush's chief political advisor and aid Karl Rove was going to be indicted, thus far he has appeared in front of the grand jury. So far no charges have been brought against Rove but special prosecutor in the case Fitzgerald says that the investigation is not yet over and that more charges may be forthcoming and that Rove is still being investigated.

Recently, Dow Jones and company, which publishes the Wall Street Journal and other publications filed court papers asking the judge to deny a motion by Fitzgerald that would bar public disclosure of case documents. This order was approved by Libby and it would cover witness statements, grand jury testimony and other documents relating to the case.

*(See **Update** on pg. 2)*

Justice Rises in Babylon

By James V. Vorhies

On October 19th, Saddam Hussein stood before the people whom he had brutalized and destroyed for the length of his 23 years of tyranny over the Iraqi people. The now broken, yet contemptuous ex-dictator plead not-guilty to the charges laid out before him and 7 other co-defendants who were involved in the crimes that they now stand accused of. Saddam and the others are being called to answer for the torture and murder of 150 Shiites in 1982. The case is one of hundreds of such massacres that were carried out by Saddam's brutal Baathist regime, which Saddam in fact took over in the 1970s using his

*(See **Justice** on pg. 2)*

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The order warns that anyone violating the order would be charged and would result in criminal and civil fines.

Another recent development was that Judith Miller, a New York Times reporter who was jailed for not revealing who her source was after revealing Valerie Plame as a CIA operative in one of her articles. Miller was criticized by fellow journalists at the New York Times and according to Miller she felt that she could no longer work at the New York Times.

Courtesy of CNN.com

Miller says that she enjoyed her time as a reporter for the New York Times but that it was clearly time to move on.

Justice, *continued from pg. 1*

authority and power over the regimes secret police to oust and murder his political rivals throughout the country and government. It is estimated that during his more than 20 years of rule, Saddam Hussein ordered the deaths of at least some 250,000 and at worst roughly a million of his own people. Numbers on the true atrocities are unknown and will perhaps never be fully known as the regime would not only kill those whom spoke out against the regime but also their families and friends, wiping entire communities out of existence and buried the dead unceremoniously in mass graves throughout the country's vast deserts.

Any opposition to the regime was not tolerated and was met with swift and unyielding punishment at the hands of his security forces. Saddam is estimated to have ordered the murders of some 40 of his own relatives in this effort to quash any resistance to his rule. Included in this are two husbands of his own daughters as they attempted to flee from the country to Syria, his daughters were returned to him and held on a very tight leash. Under his reign, the country lurched from one effort to another, engaging in a protracted war with Iran in the 1980s which cost the lives of some one million Iraqis and Iranians, he attempted to build nuclear weapons and nearly did on at least two occasions, once in the 80s and was stopped by a bombing raid by the Israelis and the other in 1990 when the US led its first coalition against him in Operation Desert Storm. He stole money from the funds that were supposed to go to feeding his people from the UN, leading to the starvation and deaths of many more of his people in the 1990s after the war. During this time also leading up to Operation Iraqi Freedom, Saddam broke every UN resolution and every treaty he had signed in good faith to maintain his power leading to his eventual removal from power in 2003.

The fighting we find ourselves in now is very much of Saddam's doing as well, as it was he and his generals whom devised and funded the most deadly and organized elements of the Iraqi born insurgents in Iraq now and in the post war period. It was also he who allowed Musab Al-Zarqawi to operate in Northern Iraq throughout the late 90s and early 2000's who is often considered the head figure of Al-Qaeda in Iraq and the inspiration for many of the foreign born terrorists who are there now. Despite his capture and removal from power, Saddam has and continues to enact a harsh and painful toll on the Iraqi people, his ardent supporters in the country following his orders and killing thousands of his people still.

During his 23 years of tyranny and oppression over the Iraqi people, Saddam subjected them to every torment and terror imaginable. It is no wonder that many if not most Iraqis wish to drag him through the streets and to brutalize and murder him as he did them for over two decades. As the trial continues up again, the world will watch as this murderous tyrant is forced to answer for the crimes he has committed to the very people whom he committed those crimes against. As the trial concludes, whenever it does, it will be with a sad and twisted joy and sense of vengeance that the Iraqi people now free and self-determined will look down upon him, he that did so much harm to them, and pass their judgment upon him and on that day, justice will be served.

Axis of Evil Revisited

By James V. Vorhies

In his State of the Union address to the nation on January 29, 2002, President George W. Bush identified four nations that represented prime national threats to the security of the United States. These four nations: Iraq, North Korea, Syria and Iran, in his words constituted an "Axis of Evil" and were a distinct danger to our nation. But what has been done and what are the levels of danger that these nations represent now, nearly four years since his powerful declaration? What is or can be done to offset these threats?

First there is Iraq. It is quite evident and well known how the threat from this nation run by Saddam Hussein was confronted: we went to war with the country in March of 2003. The mission to topple the Hussein regime was accomplished officially in June of that year with ease, thus pacifying the threat the country posed. In the two years hence, the US and the fledgling Iraqi government has been contending with an insurgency, orchestrated mainly by remnants of the old regime and foreign fighters. The threat to our nation has been neutralized, though our deployed forces are still in danger. This danger, however, has been decreasing as insurgents and terrorists have begun to strike soft instead of hard targets and the Iraqi forces have been coming on line.

North Korea is often said to be the most dangerous country of the axis, and many have called for strikes at the rogue nation. They have said that it should have been the regime of Kim Jong-Il rather than that of Saddam Hussein that the US should have attacked. However, the current track the US has been using, that of the six party talks, is the most viable option in dealing with North Korea. This is because the fruits of this tiring and exhausting labor could potentially be a NATO-esque peace accord whereby the nations involved: China, Russia, Japan, South Korea, North Korea and the US would have an Asian non-aggression and reprisal treaty, meaning that our position in Asia would be reaffirmed and our

(*see **Axis** on pg. 5)*

Point/Counterpoint: Suspenders vs. Belts

By Robert Sentman

Suspenders

Mankind has suffered the problem of sliding trousers since the first Neanderthal wore anything that could be considered close to pants. I have recently found that the outdated, but stylish pair of suspenders knocks this problem on its proverbial behind.

Suspenders have lost their appeal today for some reason, probably because all the "cool" kids (such as my opponent) don't wear pants around their hips. Belts are fine in all respects, but they don't always do the job. Sometimes the only way a belt can hold up the ol' pantalones is to uncomfortably constrict its wearer. Suspenders create a "bucket," allowing for maximum comfort and guarding against exposure (think plumbers). Remember: suspenders mean no belt loosening after Thanksgiving.

By Reilly Joret

Belts

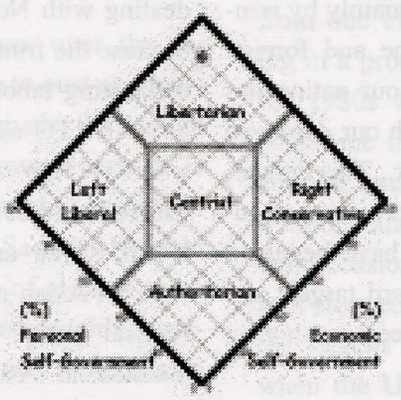
The belt is a simple contraption, one that is easy to master in today's increasingly idiotic society. Suspenders carry too much baggage: adjusters, clips—chaos. The belt merely slips through some loops and the fastens in a quite apparent way. The average man has neither the time nor the patience for suspenders.

And though my opponent claims constriction as a drawback, we must remember that pants and belts of the correct size cannot possibly lead to extreme discomfort or exposure. Perhaps my opponent should strap on a pair of his favorite suspenders and visit a tailor.

The Downfall of the Libertarians

By Zach Jones

Everyone knows that it is nearly impossible for a Libertarian or any third party candidate to win an election. Yet, most people in third parties are not in them just to win elections. Most people join third parties to help educate the public on their opinions and hopefully sway political debate. The Libertarians possess many principles that are dear to my heart. These principles include strict Constitutional interpretation, limited government, and strong virtues toward personal liberty. There are also many disagreements I have with Libertarian ideology, like the legalization of drugs, opposition to the war in Iraq, and some other things. However, these ideological differences are not the primary reason I quit the Libertarian party to join the Republicans.



Courtesy of www.shadowcouncil.org

The reason why I quit the Libertarian party is because of its desperate means to get any kind of attention possible, even negative. This first started with the National Convention last year where many in the party were trying to nominate an unqualified, bombastic, and misguided candidate named Aaron Russo because he was a washed up Hollywood director that had a couple Hollywood connections and endorsements (people like Bette Midler); it was absolutely pathetic. The nomination was blocked, and a candidate almost as bad ended up getting the nomination of the party.

After this whole fiasco, it would seem reasonable for people in the party to learn their lesson. Most of the people, at least the ones who have stayed, have not. A man named Joe Steffen is planning to run on the Libertarian ticket for governor. Steffen, a former Republican, was fired by the Ehrlich administration for spreading false rumors about a possible contender against Ehrlich, Mayor O'Malley. Steffen was kicked out of the Republican leadership and strongly criticized by all local media. The people that know about Joe Steffen for the most part do not respect him. Even though he would get extremely negative press, this man might put that the Libertarians "on the map" (which is completely false) due to name recognition.

It has come to the point in the Libertarian party that even negative press is good because it is attention. I do not understand such logic, and many of the Libertarians leaving the party do not either. The members will not deal with Republicans or Democrats due to ideology and think the only way to make a difference is to create bad press. It is obvious that the only way for third parties to get their message across is through positive educational campaigns and working with politicians on issues they agree with. The politics of desperation exercised by the Libertarian party is only going to hurt them, and could even possibly hurt Ehrlich's campaign.

The reason why this could hurt Ehrlich's campaign is because if Joe Steffen does manage to get 1-3% of the vote (which is still unlikely) most of those votes would come from Ehrlich supporters. In a narrow race, Steffen could spoil it for Ehrlich. I personally plan to campaign for Ehrlich, because such a defeat would be terrible for Republicans. Sadly enough, since most Libertarians are more in agreement with the Republicans, it would lead to a double defeat for them as well.

The new policy of the Libertarians, and some other third parties, will only make their parties lose public respect and attention. With this, the views that these parties hold will be only considered more radical and will not be part of political discourse. Hopefully, third parties will again focus more on issues and not on desperation. If not, they will only be considered election spoilers that ruin it for the Republicans or Democrats.

Axis, continued from pg. 3

safety and security would be tied in with that of China, which represents the greatest threat to our national security in the future. This accord would do more towards the long term peace, security and stability of the world than any other peace agreement in history, imagine if the US and USSR signed a non-aggression act in 1945, thus eliminating the cold war. Further, the military option against North Korea that many have called for must simply not be used except as an absolute last resort or counter-offensive. If we were to attack North Korea, the resulting conflict would be unlike any the US has been involved in since WWII. The casualties of this war would be unlike the wars our generation and even the previous generation have experienced. It is estimated that within the first hour of the conflict, North Korea would launch a strike on South Korea, killing some one million civilians using only conventional weapons (if it were a nuclear strike, though that is unlikely, the losses could reach nearly ten million). Our own troop losses could potentially be more than 100,000— more than the combined losses of Vietnam and the first Korean War; this is due to the rough terrain and the utter annihilation of our troops already stationed in the South if nuclear weapons were used. If nuclear weapons were not used, the losses would be in the neighborhood of twenty to forty thousand. Now this is during the actual fighting, not the occupation of the country; remember, we're complaining and bickering over the losses of 2050 soldiers over 3 years in Iraq. Though the conflict would give a much needed lesson in perspective to our nation in terms of the loss and sacrifice needed in true warfare, I believe that most would agree that the six track, peaceful resolution would be more favorable. Of Syria and Iran, both are dragging themselves closer to military conflict, and are, at the moment, in relatively the same position when it comes to evoking the ire of the United States. The US over the last three years has seesawed in its rhetoric towards the two nations from harsh to somewhat passive. Both nations, however, have been stepping closer and closer to the brink as they have been undermining the democratization and peace-keeping efforts in Iraq by funding insurgency groups, supplying weapons and logistical support, as well as free passes over their borders to terrorists operating within the young democracy. The exposure of Syria's involvement in the assassination of the former Prime Minister of Lebanon has brought it harsh criticism and UN scrutiny. For the moment, it would appear that economic and other sanctions will be enough to keep the nation in line in conjunction with tightened security on the Iraqi border as well as some small covert operations. With any luck, full conflict can be avoided with Syria as they appear to be finally bringing themselves to some sort of order.

Efforts to bring Iran into line with its nuclear program have been lackluster at best, and it appears that an end to these talks may be coming sometime soon. Iran's recent expulsion of foreign diplomats and its harsh rhetoric towards Israel is making it clear that the current regime is even less willing to act rationally and peacefully than those previous, something many thought to be impossible. If Iran continues in the manner it has as of late, open conflict may become unavoidable. Only time will tell how this will play out, but for the most part, the conflict would be similar to that of Iraq, a short and relatively easy take over followed by a long and cumbersome occupation

Of the four nations of the Axis of Evil only one, Iraq, still represent a grave and real threat to the security of the United States. The multiple tracks the United States is following to counteract the threats from the remaining three have been met with little success overall. Only time will tell exactly how these rogue nations will be dealt with. One can say with certainty, though, that the United States will not be secure until these threats have all been neutralized.

Power, Prejudice and Politics: The Big Gay Marriage Issues

By George Connelly

In the United States the fight for allowing homosexuals to wed is being taken to the forefront with referendums being held as well as state laws being challenged and overturned in state supreme courts. The federal government is also fighting and trying to keep marriage defined as an institution between a man and a woman, effectively trying to steal the thunder away from the gay rights movement and encroach upon states rights (not allowing the states to make their own marriage laws). The question really becomes, why should gays not be allowed to marry and why is there such a fear associated with allowing gays to marry in the first place?

The most often heard argument against same sex marriage, is that marriage is an institution between one man and one woman. This is one description that has now been codified in a recently passed US federal law. Yet it is easily the weakest argument against gay marriage. Who says what marriage is and by whom it is to be defined? The married? The marriable? Many support this argument with the idea that marriage has been traditionally a heterosexual institution between one man and one woman, and laws regarding this have been passed by both State legislatures and the United States Congress.

First, if we were to take traditional values as law and reason in this country we would still have the institution of slavery around. Slavery was also a traditional institution, based on practices that went back to the very beginnings of human history, even further back, than marriage as we know it. But by the 19th century, humanity had generally recognized the evils of that institution, and has since made a serious effort to abolish it.

Second, restrictive laws against marriage between people of different religions and marriages between persons of different ethnicities were passed by state houses throughout our nation in the past. These laws were on the books in certain states from the founding of the United States up until (in some cases) the civil rights movement of the 1960s. If these laws were overturned as unfair and unconstitutional, why, then, is limiting marriage to being between a man and a woman not the same?

Some may retort this counter-argument and say that same-sex marriage would start us down a "slippery slope" toward legalized incest, bestial marriage, polygamy and all kinds of other horrible consequences. This argument is absolutely without any merit based on experience. If the argument were true, wouldn't that have already happened in countries where forms of legalized gay marriage already exist? Wouldn't these countries have "slid" toward legalized incest and bestial marriage? The reality is that a form of gay marriage has been legal in Scandinavian countries for many years, and no such legalization has happened, nor has there been a clamor for it. Again, these same arguments were probably also made when people were fighting to overturn the bigoted laws against inter-racial and inter-religious marriage discussed before. Have we slipped down the slope since then as well? These arguments are classic scare tactics to make the end scenario so scary and so horrible that the first step should never even be taken.

Arguments also surround familial issues such as procreation and the formation of families. Many argue that same-sex couples are not the optimum environment in which to raise children. That, to me, is an interesting argument in light of who society does allow to wed and bring children into their marriage. Check it out: murderers, convicted felons of all sorts, even known child molesters are all allowed to freely marry and procreate, and do so every day with hardly a second thought, much less a protest, by these same critics. So if children are truly the priority here, why is this allowed? The fact is that many gay couples raise children, adopted and occasionally their own from failed attempts at heterosexual marriages. Scientific studies have shown that the outcomes of the children raised in the homes of gay and lesbian couples are just as good as those of straight couples.

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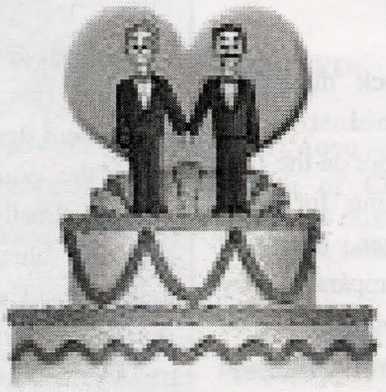
The differences have been shown again and again to be insignificant. Psychologists tell us that what makes the difference is the love and commitment of the parents, not their gender. The studies are very clear about that. Maybe we should watch for this information on our Big Screen TV from our jail cells…

Some also argue that gay marriage would do harm in the business world, forcing businesses to provide benefits to same-sex couples on the same basis as opposite-sex couples. While this may or may not be true (based primarily on state labor laws), the reality is that many businesses already do offer these benefits to gay couples. Experience has shown that when they do, the effect on their costs for offering these benefits is minimal—very rarely does the cost of benefits offered to gay couples cause the business' benefits costs to rise by more than 1.5%(*The Economist*). This trivial cost is usually far more than offset by the fact that the company is seen as being progressive for having offered these benefits, which in turn makes its stock much more attractive to socially progressive mutual funds, rights-conscious pension funds and individual investors, thus increasing upwards pressure on its price (*The Wall Street Journal*). This is why so many corporations, including most of the Fortune 500, already offer these benefits without being required to do so; it's just good business sense. Finally, some argue that gay marriage would force churches to marry gay couples when they have a moral objection to doing so. This argument, usually advanced by churches that oppose gay marriage, is simply not true. There is nothing in any marriage law, existing or proposed, anywhere in the United States, that does or would have the effect of requiring any church to marry any couple they do not wish to marry. Churches already can refuse any couple they wish, and for any reason that suits them. This is one of their protections under the first amendment, granting everyone in this country freedom of religion. In fact some churches continue to refuse to marry inter-racial couples, inter-religious couples, and a few refuse couples with large age disparities even though these marriages are legally allowed to be performed. Gay marriage would not change any church's right to refuse to sanctify any marriage entirely as they wish—it would simply offer churches the opportunity to legally marry gay couples if they choose to do so, as some have expressed the desire to do, and some argue that the freedom the churches have to marry people would actually be expanded, not contracted by allowing gays to marry.



Courtesy of allthingschristie.com

"Gay marriage would not change any church's right to refuse to sanctify any marriage..."

The arguments against gay marriage don't hold up to close scrutiny. By looking at the traditional concepts of marriage and their evolution over time, the familial issues surrounding marriage, the rights of church to marry couples, and even the economics behind recognizing same sex couples, you can clearly see the falsies with denouncing and preventing same sex marriage.

Do you have an opinion?

Write for the Navigator and voice your thoughts!

Submit your stuff to:

rjoret2@washcoll.edu

The Black Keys: *The best thing to come out of Akron, OH since AA*

By Jo Schaeffer

The blues-rock duo, The Black Keys, performed at Ram's Head Live! in Baltimore on the 13th of November. Opening for them was Nathaniel Mayer. Nathaniel Mayer and his accompanists may possibly be the best opening act for a show ever. Mayer was a filthy old man clad in a snow-white suit and trousers; he was joined onstage by a guitar player who looked like an old, bald Trey Anastasio, a bass player who looked like he'd be more comfortable in an 80's hair band, and a drummer who looked relatively normal. Mayer warmed up the crowd with a few rockabilly blues numbers with titles like "Why Don't You Get Your Ass Over to the Village of Love" and "I'm a Satisfied Fool." Mayer and friends were able to satisfy the crowd for about an hour before the Black Keys went on.

It's impossible to keep your hands in your pockets throughout a Black Keys show. It's impossible to be a passive listener. Even the most reticent members of the crowd could be seen bobbing their heads and clapping their hands; the more outgoing folk were shaking it liberally. The Ram's Head Live! is small enough that everyone in the place can get a decent view of the stage and the performers; however, my view of drummer Patrick exceeded the realm of decency, as it included a large portion of his ass crack.

The Black Keys are Patrick Carney on drums and Dan Auerbach with guitar and vocals. I have heard them described as everything from "the White Stripes, only better," to "really intense blues rock." The rhythms are heavy and ceaseless and the melodies are ragged and torn deep. There is a driving struggle between Patrick's drums and Dan's guitar- beat versus tune, control versus passion, sin versus redemption. The amazing thing is the way they both come together. The whole product is bigger than the instruments or the sounds they make, bigger than the musicians themselves.

Courtesy of theblackkeys.com

The Black Keys hold true to blues riffs without being repetitive (something Nathaniel Mayer and friends were not able to do). This is gritty-but-sweet music that will stick to your soul. It will lift you and drop you and lift you again. Early in the set, during a song called Busted off The Black Keys' first album, The Big Come Up, I witnessed this phenomenon personally. Dan's guitar let out a low groan which rose to a shriek. Patrick kicked in on drums with a driving rhythm. The two musicians were inside their groove immediately, alternating between them who would lead and who would follow. At one point, they both went absolutely wild- it amazed me that no strings or sticks were broken- yet they maintained this perfect balance between each other, between wild abandon and precise restraint. The music rose in a dirty crescendo, and Dan stopped playing. The lights went dark. Patrick played alone for a few bars, his drumming shaking the entire venue. Then Dan burst in again with a blast of caustic melody, and carried the song to a close. Damn. That was so good I needed a smoke and a nap. But there was no time for either. The boys burst immediately into Stack Shot Billy, from their most recent album, Rubber Factory. Amazing.

The Black Keys hail from Akron, Ohio and have been together for about 3 years. Catch them while they are still small; their shows have been selling out across the country. They're the best thing to come out of Akron since Alcoholics Anonymous.

Gotta Have Faith!

By Faith Paulick

Dear Faith,
How can I have fun sex without my roommates hearing me?
Signed,
Loud N. Lusty
Dear Lusty,

Sounds like a real predicament. I mean what kind of a decent roommate sticks around when you are clearly trying to do your thing? What I suggest is quite simple. If your roomie insists on maintaining a presence while you are trying to "put your back into it," then be as obnoxious about the ordeal as possible. Suggest different positions to your partner at an audible volume before entering the bedroom. Bust out the Kama Sutra book, several condoms, perhaps a few glasses of champagne, and play some Marvin Gaye in the background. If your roommate still persists then she/he is a tough one to crack. At that point you may want to involve your roommate in the conversation: "Hey Roommate, what do you think about foreplay? Adventurous precursor to a night of endless passion, or a waste of time?" Or, "Hey, Roommate, have you ever considered a ménage trois?"

Fun and games aside, sex is a serious thing. Some people get squeamish about sex. If your roommate is very prudish, perhaps you should calm your heightened sexual senses so he/she can comfortably talk to you about it. How would you feel on the other side of the situation? Would you want to feel uncomfortable because someone was boinking on the other side of your room screaming as if they were auditioning for the new theatrical rendition of "Psycho?"

Get creative. Schedule your intimate times when you know your roomie will not be around. If you have one of those that never leaves the room, politely ask for some alone time. It is not rude to ask for private time in the room, whether it be for sex or studying. It is just as much your room as is his/hers. If you know your roommate will be returning shortly use some kind of a code. I've heard of code items that range from a sock on the door knob to a lubricated condom on the door knob, although the latter may not go over so well. I almost wish I still had a roommate; I would use a picture of the man on the Lucky Charms box as my code. Or I would make a boisterous announcement to the entire dorm which reads, "Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize ahead of time for anything you may witness this evening. I simply cannot help it if I am stuck in my room all night long with this man who has chosen to explore several of my orifices." What works out best, regardless of how you communicate, is the fact that you make the effort to communicate.

As far as the volume of your sexual endeavors goes, well there's no shame in using your diaphragm. If you find that it is after quiet hours and your entire dorm is angry, then I suggest putting in a movie or a CD. Stay away from African tribal music; things have a tendency to become aggressive very quickly, sometimes dangerously. I once had an encounter which involved a machete and a set of bongos. So, Loud N. Lusty, just remember to keep it down after 10pm on weekdays and don't forget to hang the Lucky Charms picture on the door.
Sincerely,
Faith

Smokin' Section

What's hot and what's a drag

WASTED:

An hour and a half: *The Warriors,* a 1979 cult flick made my a bunch of *Clockwork Orange*-obsessed misogynists. Contains violence, loose women, and Michael Beck in a leather vest.

Ten dollars: An "Ancient Treasure" lottery ticket, sold at area convenience stores. Support the state of Maryland and satiate your own urge to scratch at cardboard with a dirty penny.

Buckets of self-respect: "Match-Ups" on DC101.1 FM. Oh-so-sickeningly-catchy remixes of bland pop hits and the occasional good song. When decent music appears on this show, however, it merely adds insult to the injury already perpetrated on the listener's good musical sensibilities. For example, I heard NIN remixed with Ace of Base, followed by Weezer with Shaggy and the theme to *Fresh Prince of Bel Air*. Hosted by a DJ named "Flounder," this program's about as acoustically stimulating as a cold fish.

WELL SPENT:

Countless hours: *Conker's Bad Fur Day* for Nintendo 64. (For gamers less enthused by the old-school, there's also a version for X-Box.) Conker the adorably foul-mouthed squirrel must battle flaming demons, a giant monster made of poo, and his own ruthless hangover. The game is full of ribald witticisms and contains gratuitous 3D violence.

It's Bigger Than Hip Hop

By Nick Wright

It occurs to me that the four basic elements of Hip-Hop (Graffiti art, DJ-ing, MC-ing, and Break Dancing) are intricately intertwined and one cannot be unraveled without dramatically impacting the others. If any one element of Hip-Hop is disturbed or altered, then this infusion of new information or change is most certainly felt throughout all branches of the culture. Interacting and reacting like any social system that you've read about in your 'Intro. to Sociology' class, these four elements of Hip-Hop compensate and adjust to each other so that the culture is ever-changing and ever-evolving. The music and art and values that Hip-Hop artists express today will most definitely have an impact on the music and art we will see in the years to come.

Courtesy of www.google.com

MCs are the rappers, the singers and the people who give a voice to the Hip-Hop movement. MC traditionally stands for: Master of Ceremonies, Master Controller, Mic Checka and Microphone Controller. The Master of Ceremonies would be the only person allowed to use the microphone at a gathering or event and thus could command the crowd best.

Rapping began on the streets as a form of protest and expression as different early Hip-Hop crews would flaunt their lyrical abilities. Some rappers took an aggressive approach an attacked the listener through controversial subject matter and harsh lyrics, effectively an in-your-face attitude for immersing the public into their world of deprivation and crime. Sometimes ultra-aggressive stances were advocated as for the complete reorganization of the political and social structure. Other MCs would take another approach and commit themselves to objecting to the poverty or violence through more poetic and emotional songs. Many of these rappers advocate peace and non-violent solutions of social change by speaking about the hardships suffered and witnessed in recent society.

What would the voice of a talented MC be without the steady thump of a beat to match his style? DJs help bring the MCs' lyrics to life and jump out at the audience, to move and direct the crowd. Beats for rapping and Hip-Hop were actually originally from sections of a song or loops taken from jazz, pop, rock, funk and soul music of the time. These short loops, or breaks, could be replayed or combined and mixed with others to create a truly unique sound. Hip-Hop contains elements of every other genre of music, which is why it is such a diverse genre in itself.

Pioneer DJs like Afrika Bambaata, Kool Herc, Grandmaster Flash and DJ Premier have helped to expand DJ-ing to its own art form. Several years ago it would have been unheard of to see a DJ trying to make his solo career; it was expected that he or she would be paired with a crew or at least an MC, yet today it is certainly quite feasible.

The DJ is often not given enough credit and is seen as only providing the music for the MC to rap to. The DJ and MC very much share a connection and, especially during live performances, they rely on each other to be in tune with whatever the other is feeling. DJ Premier and Guru, who constitute the group *Gang Starr* are a perfect example of this, with Premier eventually creating his own beats and even rapping in sync with his MC. DJs like this help advance the culture and the possibilities for artists to new horizons.

See Nick's Picks on next page

Nick's Picks: Artist Spotlight

Courtesy of www.google.com

Name: Talib Kweli

Affiliations: Black Star, Hi-Tek Productions

Songs: Definition, Ghetto Show, Lonely People, So Good, The Manifesto, Sharp Shooters, On My Way, Gun Music, Soul Rebels, Get By, Hater Players

Talib Kweli is an MC who has just recently risen to the spotlight, although he has been on the scene since 1994. Born in Brooklyn to a family with a proud taste for African culture, 'Talib' is an Arabic name for 'the seeker, or student,' while 'Kweli' is Ghanaian for 'of truth or knowledge'. He attended high school with a man named Dante Smith, who would later be known as the artist Mos Def. After a trip to Cincinnati where he met up with the acclaimed DJ Hi-Tek in 1998, Kweli and Hi-Tek recruited Mos Def and recorded the album 'Black Starr'. While Mos Def went on to produce his single 'Black on Both Sides' in 1999, Hi-Tek and Kweli remained together and produced 'Reflection Eternal' in 2000. In his first truly solo album 'Quality' w/o Mos Def or Hi-Tek, Kweli collaborated with several different artists, one of them being a promising yet still unknown producer named Kanye West on several tracks. The most popular song was 'Get By' with a remix of it that also featured Jay-Z. It got a decent amount of radio time but it didn't put up Jay-Z numbers. Talib Kweli's most recent album released in 2004 called 'The Beautiful Struggle' may have been his most commercial effort to date and features such token radio-ready hook singers such as Mary J. Blige, Anthony Hamilton and producers like the Neptunes, Just Blaze, and Kanye West. It was also Kweli's most self-conscious to date, however, as it was well apparent that the commercial pressures had begun to affect his mindset, for better or worse.

What appeals to me about Talib Kweli is his clever use of metaphors and similes that seem to blend seamlessly into his music. His vocabulary may rival that of Del the Funky Homosapien. He touches on many issues that are equally important but less obvious than the crime or violence many other rappers speak about. He has a good understanding of not only how US society operates but how the world does as well. Since his more commercial ambitions have arisen within the past few years, it will be interesting to see in what direction he decides to take his career. Regardless of whether or not he becomes another sellout Hip-Pop junky in the years to come he will remain a very talented and respected artist. He has collaborated with almost too many artists to mention and tried his utmost to remain true to his lyrics and simple lifestyle he preaches. He will go down in the books as one of Hip-Hop's best.

How to: Escape From a Sinking Car

By Jo Schaeffer

Ever worry about the stability of the Bay Bridge? With these easy tips, you'll be able to stay alive (and possibly avoid getting your hair wet) in the event of a bridge collapse or some other catastrophe involving cars plunging underwater.

1. Begin lowering your window immediately, before the water shorts out the electrical system. If you can't get the window down, smash it with something heavy (like The Club or your trusty Biology textbook).

Courtesy of www.wildlight.net

2. Still can't get the window down? Wait for the car to fill with water and push the door open (the door will be easier to open now that the car's full of water and the pressure has equalized).

3. Swim for shore!

What's On My Mind

If you are reading this, you don't exist

By Andy Wesolek

That's right. You don't exist. I'm sorry to break it to you like this, but critical evaluation has left me with no absolute proof of the existence of other minds. This obviously puts me in a tight spot, as I must explain the seemingly apparent existence of other "people" (be they zombies, pod-people or what have you). While I cannot accept the idea that you, the reader, are a self-aware being, I can account for your existence through the necessary relationship between the natural world and the conscious observer.

First, however, a very brief introduction to the "problem of other minds" is necessary. We may live our lives with the assumption that other people do have minds. This assumption, however, is not based on any direct form of knowledge. For example, when I stub my toe, I directly experience pain, which in turn, causes me to wince. When I see someone else stub their toe, however, I do not directly experience their pain. If I see them wince or cry out, I may assume that they are feeling pain, based on the similarities between our responses.

The fact is that because I can never have direct access to the mental states of another, I must rely on indirect forms of knowledge. With a healthy dose of skepticism, however, I am reluctant to accept the existence of other minds based on indirect forms of knowledge. Even if I were to take a wide array of cases of people responding to external stimuli similarly to me, a strong argument cannot be made. The only control in this experiment would be my mind (as I have direct access to my mental states), and one control mind out of billions of human beings is not strong inductive logic.

"Solipsism may be logically consistent with present quantum mechanics..." -Eugene Wigner

It seems, then, that a leap of faith is required to accept the idea that there are, in fact, other minds. As I have based my arguments on reason and skepticism, I am unable to accept such a leap. Therefore, I must now explore possible reasons for my existence in a world of philosophical zombies. To do this will require a careful use of Ockham's razor.

The simplest, and therefore the most plausible, explanation of the aforementioned phenomenon can be found in Idealism. In the interest of brevity, Idealism can be understood through the concept of the illusory nature of the physical world, rendering all of reality mind-dependant. Since the existence of minds other than my own cannot be decisively shown, I am forced to conclude that all people, objects, and reality itself is created by, and dependant on, the existence of my mind. Therefore, all other people exist only as extensions of my mind.

I can never have direct experiential knowledge of the existence of other minds, and skepticism restricts me from assuming that they exist. Through this new lens, it becomes absurd to think that I exist in a material world full of philosophical zombies. The only possible conclusion, then, is to take an Idealist stance, and view reality as dependant on the existence of my mind. Thus, I have fallen down the rabbit hole of solipsism. I would welcome you to join me... but you don't exist anyway.

Comments/Criticisms:

Awesolek2@washcoll.edu

Foxhole Test Prep: Your Guide To Passing Exams

By Jo Schaeffer

The air finally has a snap to it, and smells of leaves and pure cold. We bundle up in stiff new coats and hats, and when we walk to class we can see our breaths. Christmas music is playing in every store. It's that beautiful time of year again. It's exam time.

Exams are the certainty of the student, much like death and taxes are to fully-grown people. Though some of us would rather die or pay money to avoid exams, they are our inescapable destiny. They are the final challenge of the semester.

So how do we deal with them? There seem to be a few options for this, allowing the student to "choose his own adventure" when it comes to his overall exam experience. Option one is a spiritual approach. A person taking option one would play Halo and eat Cove takeout until the night before his exams, at which point he would drop to his knees and pray to his god for deliverance. Then, he would root around under his bed for the textbooks he shoved underneath it moths ago, so as to gain favor in said god's sight by conforming to the old adage: "God helps those who help themselves."

There are two problems with this approach. Textbooks have mysterious ways of disappearing beneath beds, and gods have mysterious ways in general. You might be successful, you might not. And when your grades depend on it, it's best not to make such a risky wager.

The second option involves preparing for the exam several weeks in advance. Set aside a clean and quiet area for studying. Make note cards. Manage your time with organizers and priority lists. Reread your textbook and class notes. Sharpen your no. 2 pencils, and put fresh batteries into your TI-83.

The problems with this tactic are obvious. Do you really want to invest that much time and energy into a test? Do you really *have* that much time and energy? You're running on fumes at this point in the semester- your classes, sports, jobs, and extracurricular activities have taken every ounce of your energy. You spend so much time in your room, working; if you spent any more time in there your friends would begin to wonder if you've curled up and died somewhere beneath a pile of textbooks.

So is there a solution to this inevitable problem of exams? Are there really only two options- waiting, unprepared, for the exam to loom over you and then crush you like a tsunami, or overworking yourself and winding up in some kind of rest home for recovering overachievers?

It's important to keep exams in perspective. Really, if you bomb one, so what? You probably won't be kicked out of school or lose your scholarship. You certainly won't die. Your goal should be to be as prepared as you can be, without losing your mind.

So start about a week ahead of time. Find out the format of the exam, and what topics will be covered. Professors are usually willing to discuss parts of the exam at some length when they asked. Asking ahead of time shows that you care about your grade (they don't need to know you're just trying to do as well as possible with as little effort as possible).

Once you find out the topics that will be covered, study your notes about those topics- maybe even make a few note cards. Study before you go to sleep each night; your brain retains more information immediately before and after sleep. Or simply pick the times at which you feel most alert- there's no point in wasting two hours of study time by falling asleep with your book over your face.

Drink some coffee, but don't overdo it. There's nothing worse than pulling a manic all-nighter and having 'Nam-vet jitters the next day. Take breaks. Study with your friends. Most importantly, relax. Exams are inevitable, but they aren't the end of the world.

And it never hurts to pray, just a little.

The History of My Sunday Television Viewing

By Will Grofic

Calvin from *Calvin and Hobbes* once said, "I can never enjoy Sundays because, in the back of my mind, I always know I've got to go back to school the next day. It's like trying to enjoy your last meal before execution."

Relating class to leaving this world would seem like hyperbole, but for kids, Sundays were the electricity flickering off before the switch goes down and the voltages go straight to your head, liquidating your brain into a gelatin texture.

In high school, I would come back to this assertion consistently and dread waking up before eight am on Monday. However, on Sunday nights, I regularly surpassed the needed sleep time for teen males because something was happening that I didn't understand, but that I knew I wanted to be a part of. It was called Adult Swim.

Sundays are still the most amazing day of television for me, and unlike the high school student, enough time is given to the collegiate scholar to make Sunday a second Saturday. What follows is a mix of review and my viewing schedule on my Second Saturday, and to mis-paraphrase Calvin, these shows are to die for:

I usually start my Sundays off with 8 hours of football. This should allow the cushions to start creasing their foam around your bottom.

Next is the foundation of Sunday: *The Simpsons*. *Simpsons* has been lacking quite a bit in the last 3 years, and although some people want to write it off completely, it has its moments and remains fairly topical. But with the popularity of *Family Guy* and *South Park*, *The Simpsons* may be too far removed from freshness to come back to its heyday. *South Park* requires less censorship and that makes it quicker for the topical episodes to come out for them. *Family Guy* carbon-copied the *Simpsons* mold while bringing a *South Park* "I make fun of everyone so this can't be bigotry" to it, and the use of flashbacks or flash-shots of what the character is saying. It makes storyboarding a lot easier when you can fill 2 minutes with Albert Einstein killing a no-name scientist at the copyright office who just completed $E=MC^2$ just because a character mentioned Albert was a fraud in passing.

American Dad comes on after *Family Guy*, and it is a tolerable red-headed stepchild of *Family Guy* (although with the creativity and humor of the Colbert Report, we can see how spin-offs can work effectively).

Moving along, the hour between FOX and Adult Swim on Cartoon Network used to be a tough one to fill. Now that I have moved off-campus, however, we have HBO. Perfectly fit between 10-11 are the new episodes of HBO's *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and *Extras*. Both are hilarious, and *Extras* has been quite a surprise in the amounts of emotions that are fit into one episode of 24 minutes. The creators of the original BBC *Office* created the superb *Extras*.

Adult Swim on Cartoon Network, the coup de grace of Sunday night, starts at 11 and ends at 2 am. These days, Adult Swim is almost at sub-culture status. With the great sales of *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* DVDs along with the playing of old *Family Guy* episodes while it was still off the air, Adult Swim has been the mainstay of my Sunday nights since before the new millennium. It's the ADD post-modern slapstick guillotine that Chuck Jones and other influential Looney Tunes animators never knew they would influence.

Most of the shows come in 12 minute shorts for our Internet browsing souls. Shorter shows like *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* and *Harvey Birdman* stand as my favorites. *ATHF* depicts an arrogant milkshake,

(continued on next page)

(continued from previous page)

a dumb meatball, and a reason-minded fast food container of french-fries who live in a New Jersey suburb. The Direct TV menu describes the show as "fast food items fighting crime," but that's not exactly right. *Harvey Birdman* is about a lawyer who defends classic cartoon characters like Fred Flinstone being in the mafia (with all the Sopranos music and imagery in there, too) and Shaggy and Scooby getting caught with marijuana in the Mystery Van.

Anyway, the longer shows, such as the newly slated *Boondocks* and the *Venture Bros*, stand as possibly better than anything prime time can hold together. In breath, *Boondocks* has been adapted from the comic strip of the same name, and the first two episodes stayed true to the comic in content and humor. It looks more promising, irreverently complex, and blunt than what *Family Guy* and *Simpsons* are allowed to be. *Venture Bros* is a wonderful spoof on the *Johnny Quest* cartoon.

At the end of the night, my eyes hate me, my "To Do" list of scholastic needs hates me, and though my girlfriend doesn't quite hate me, she doesn't try to ask me about my day. She knows what I say every Monday morning: "God, these Sundays kill me."

The Navigator Staff Would Like To Wish Everyone A Happy Thanksgiving!

Have a Safe Trip Home and Relax

Before Exams Start!

Write For The Navigator!

Eventually you might get paid...

In the meantime, write for the love of the art!

E-mail: tborukhova2 for more information

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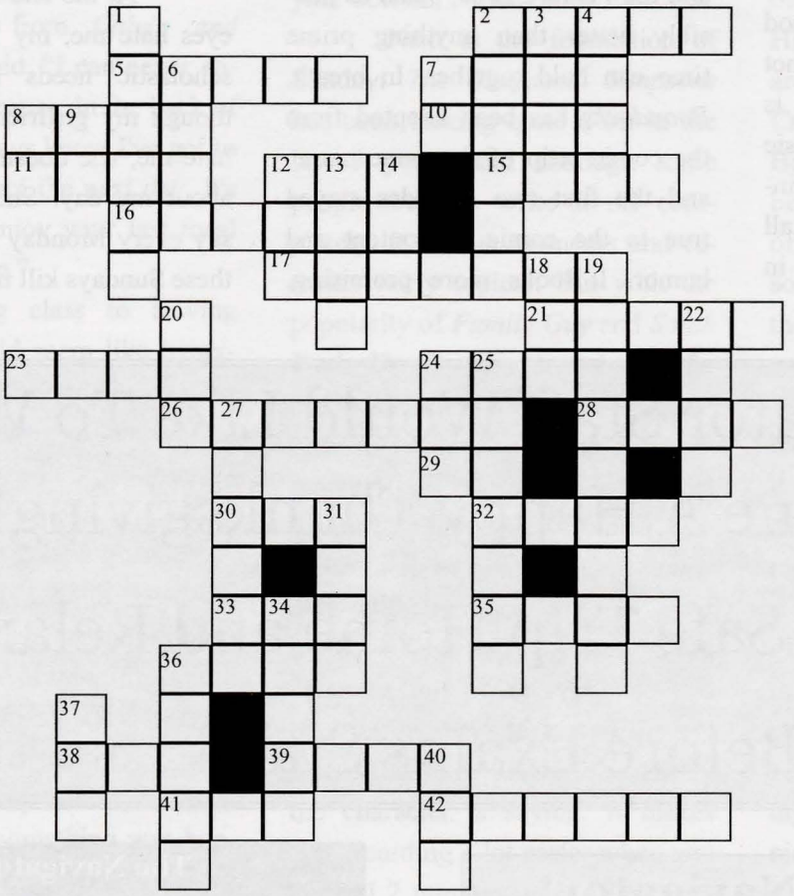
Crossword Puzzle#2:

Hodge Podge



Down

Desert plant
Body art
Against
Composer Stravinsky
6. __ but not least
7. prefix with -nomial, -focles
8. Ego's annoying little brother
9. 007's Dr. __
12. Website extension
13. Tie, secure
14. Actress __ Ling
18. Line of things
19. Mom in charge
20. Little guy with pointy ears
22. To be, in France
24. Negation connotation
25. To copy
27. Cause
31. Increase
34. Source of news
36. Greek letter, soccer gear co.
37. Quick tennis point
40. "Eureka!"

Across

5. Change
7. "Big __ Theory"
8. Yucatan Tribe
10. "Stick __ __ the man"
11. Dippin__ (dessert)
12. Recede
15. Wear out
16. Paradise
17. Standard, same
21. Hall's counterpart
23. Ringing instrument
24. Salamander-like creature
26. Liberty
28. Uncommon
29. You, to Pierre
30. ___ head= dumb person
32. Low-fat meat
33. Meditation noises
35. Tiny disease-carrying bug
36. "The Battle of Wounded ___"
38. Hat
39. Idea
41. School org (abbrev)
42. Composer George Friedrich ____

The Navigator

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Volume 1, Issue 4 February 13, 2006

The Navigator

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From the Editor

Dear Readers,

You have probably noticed that The Navigator has a new format. The reason for this is because we felt that we could accomplish more with explorative, expository, magazine-friendly types of writing, since that is what the majority of our writers and readers seem to prefer. We are also designating more regular columns for our writers, so that they have more space and freedom to cover what they like. In the opinion section we are playing up political issues, while *Fusion* has "fissioned" into music and entertainment. Look for art reviews and short fiction stories this semester, and enjoy the wider array of music that will be covered. Armed with a new angle, new editors, and new writers, we are looking forward to a fruitful semester, and I hope that you enjoy reading our publication as much as we enjoy producing it.

Have a great semester,

Tanya Borukhova, Editor in Chief

If you have questions, comments, corrections, or suggestions regarding anything in The Navigator, please write send all correspondence to navi_editor@washcoll.edu. We love hearing what you have to say!

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The Cartoon Controversy

By James V. Voorhies

On September 30th, 2005, a Danish artist published a series of cartoons in a local national newspaper. All of the cartoons in one way or another depicted the Prophet Muhammad, the founder of Islam, in a satire of the radical form of fundamentalist Islam, which has led to violence and terrorism throughout the world. The hapless artist could never have imagined the chain of events that the publication of his works would set into motion and the great danger that we and the rest of the world find itself in now.

A month after the first publication on October 20, the Muslim ambassadors from nations all over the world complained to the Danish Prime Minister about the content of the cartoons. The Prime Minister stood behind the artist, citing his right to express himself and to utilize that right in any way he wished, including drawing cartoons that could be construed as offensive to some. Anger spread quietly as the cartoons were disbursed and shown throughout the "Muslim world;" radical Imams latching onto the doodles as a call to arms and an act of war by the "West" against Islam itself.

These radical Imams began to call for the execution of the artist citing the Islamic law forbidding any image of the Prophet as laid down in the faith's cannon to protect against the possibility of idol worshipping of which the penalty is death, though many contemporary Muslim authors and artists also use the image of the Prophet in and on their works without fear of such a penalty. The furor, though not great, prompted a Norwegian publication to reprint the cartoons on January 10th; it was after this, that the calls for protest and retaliation turned to more than idle talk. On January 26th, Saudi Arabia recalled its ambassador, and on the 30th, gunmen raided the EU's Gaza office. The next day, the Danish paper that had printed the cartoons in the first place issued an apology for the cartoons, but all to late to affect the situation.

On February 1st, newspapers in France, Germany, Italy and Spain all reprinted the cartoons. Almost immediately, people took to the streets in protest. Two days later, Indonesian protestors laid siege to the local Danish embassy; the next day, Syrians attacked both the Danish and Norwegian embassies in Damascus, burning both to the ground. On Sunday, the 5th, protestors attacked and took over the Danish embassy in Beirut and the protests continued unabated across the globe. The voices calling for action and reprisal grew louder and more forceful, with a Hamas leader, only two weeks after his group won control of the Palestinian government in a landside victory calling for those responsible for the offensive caricatures to be "punished with death".

Now, a week and a half since the massive protests began, the situation seems to be spiraling ever more out control, and Western European countries are calling for their citizens to be on alert and to come home. The artist whose cartoons sparked the situation is at this moment in hiding under government protection in fear for his life.

All of this over a few cartoons! People have died in these protests and in the violence sparked by them and for what? Because a cartoonist drew a series of politically charged cartoons of a religious figure! Western governments have actually begun to concede to the protestors, decrying the cartoons and stating that they should have never been published. Very little has been said of the burning of embassies or the outrageous and viral actions of the protestors whom are even now putting lives at risk.

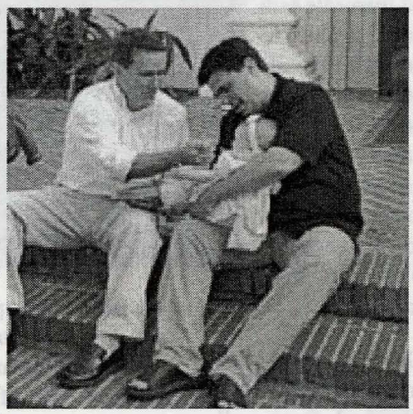
The situation is intolerable, in more ways than one, but shows no signs of ending anytime soon. Though these protestors account for only a small fraction of Muslims in the world (there are roughly 1.3 billion of them, after all), the silence of those moderate, mainstream, or dare I say sane Muslims has only led to the growing rift and anger toward the faith which, at its core, is not very dissimilar from Christianity or Judaism. In fact, the Koran opens with the call for peace and understanding between the three, saying that all are the children of God and that the Bible and the Torah are also word of God, merely flawed by man.

This situation in which we now find ourselves is merely the current conflict of a family feud that has raged for centuries. How it is to be solved is a mystery, but one thing is clear: if the current climate persists, then the radicals calling for death and war may be granted their wish and innocent people will suffer on an unimaginably high scale for this cruelty and madness.

What's The Argument

By George Connelly

In the late 1970s, being homosexual was viewed as part of the sub-culture. Our country was still reeling from the turbulent times of the civil rights movement and the Vietnam War, which had death grips on the United States from the late 1950s up until the early 70s. Many groups were classified during this time period as being part of the sub-culture for pursuing their rights as Americans. Groups that pursued violence as a means to get rights, such as the Black Panthers, and groups that promoted free love, like the hippies and various commune movements, were all classified as public enemies by the United States government.



By the late 1970s, the sub-culture identity had died down and America was looking to move forward. These groups began to die away as our civil liberties, civil rights, and our other various freedoms increased in the United States. However, homosexuality was still being viewed as a sub-culture and did not benefit greatly from the civil rights movements. Yes, America became freer and yes, minorities made major headway, gained many new rights and became further integrated into society, but homosexuals were left behind.

Now flash forward to the 1990s and the years in the new millennium. The increase of homosexuals coming out of the closet and fighting for their rights is at its pinnacle. Instead of being written off as part of the sub-culture, homosexuals and the movement for greater freedoms and rights for homosexuals cannot be ignored. That is where the movement on homosexuality stands today. Homosexual interest groups, partners, and individuals are fighting to defeat stereotypes, and many more are fighting what some call unfair court rulings and laws that prevent same sex couples from marrying and/or adopting. Let's look at the issue of adoption.

Bi-racial male homosexual couples, closely followed by Caucasian male homosexual couples, are the most common couples within the gay and lesbian community that seek to adopt. Typically, they have no preference as to the ethnicity of the child. For straight (and predominately Caucasian) couples seeking to adopt, ethnicity plays a large role. Some couples prefer to stay on waiting lists for multiple months, even years, to get a child of the same ethnic makeup as themselves, and are even willing to go outside of the United States and ignore the roughly 56,000 children up for adoption within the United States today (many of whom are African-American, Hispanic, or mixed-race children).

> ***"Instead, we are resigned to allow a child to be locked away in a foster home..."***

The fact of the mater is that children in this country need to be adopted and taken into good homes. Many homosexual couples are available to love and provide for children in need. However, certain state laws as well as large amounts of prejudice and bigotry prevent gay and lesbian couples from adopting.

Many make the argument that same sex parents should not be allowed to raise adoptive children because the child/children have emotional issues that are deep seeded and feel rejected and detached from society because they were given up or left behind by their biological parents. They argue that these feelings are further added to when the children are thrown into a home that is not nuclear, or that has a different ethnic makeup than that of the child.

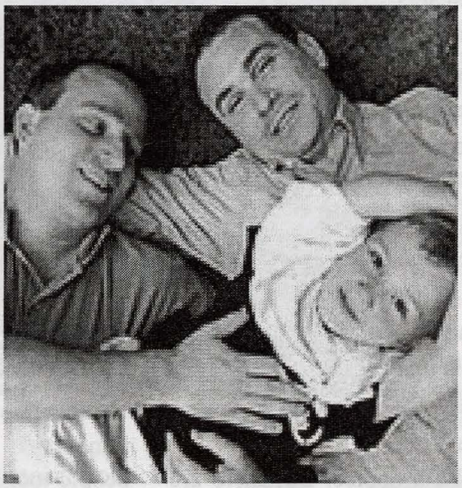
The Multi-ethnic Placement Act, passed by Congress in 1994, made it illegal for US states to hold up adoptions solely in order to match racial or ethnic background of the child. Though this helps to put some resolution to this argument, the argument still exists and is often used as an underlying factor to find other reasons to prevent children from being placed in homosexual parenting situations

(Continued on next page)

Over Gay Adoption?

(Continued from previous page)

. I feel that preventing adoption based on trans-ethnic parenting to be not only sad, but outrageous. I would like to know who would be better to understand and help someone cope with being detached from society than a homosexual person.



Homosexuality in America is still viewed as wrong, looked down upon, called sinful, and considered in some circles to be in the subculture. Homosexuals typically, though not always, have had bad relations with their parents at some point in their lives, and have the same feelings of rejection and being unwanted that their adoptive children may be feeling.

Some would also further argue that children that are adopted by homosexuals are being converted into being gay. This, I feel, is misleading and false. Homosexuality is a part of life for someone who is gay. Persons that are gay, in my opinion, are born that way. Being gay is not a choice. Scientists, when looking at other animals, have found homosexuality in dogs, cats, chimps, and other animals. How do these animals have a choice to be gay? This is the classical argument purely over nurture versus nature, and some still say that nurture brings a person to be gay. Again, I disagree and feel that a child raised by homosexual parents is likely to, gay or straight, turn out to be a person that will be an active and productive member in society.

Couples seeking to adopt go through stringent background checks, visits by social workers, and in some cases, random drug tests, lie detector tests and other much more invasive procedures. If a couple is willing to do this, why should they not be allowed to adopt? Instead, we are resigned to allow a child to be locked away in a foster home, possibly being abused by neglectful foster parents or older children in the system, and have a greater chance to commit crime, drop out of school, and not become a productive member of society because there were people willing to adopt them, but those people were gay. This is the wrong argument, in my opinion.

Children in the United States are our future. Why shouldn't we be giving them every possible advantage to grow and succeed in life? Instead of adopting outside of the United States, shouldn't want-to-be parents be searching within the United States? Shouldn't parents be regarded as two people willing to devote their lives to raise, nurture, and help the child or children in their care to succeed? If homosexual couples are willing to bring these attributes and attitudes toward childrearing to the table as well as take on children from diverse backgrounds, why should they be prohibited from adopting?

What do YOU think about gays adopting children? Send your responses to:

navi_editor @washcoll.edu

and we'll print your thoughts in the next issue!

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Smokers are People Too

By Zach Jones

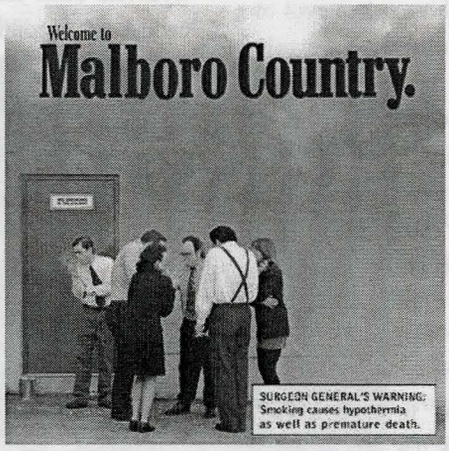
The Marlboro man was a great cowboy, but unfortunately he died of lung cancer. The thought of getting cancer later in life is somewhat grim for us smokers, but we still light up. This is our choice.

From my point of view, lighting up an unfiltered Lucky Strike after eating dinner or finishing class is a great thing. Sometimes, when I haven't smoked for a while, I even get a slight nicotine buzz that makes the whole time without a cigarette worth it. Every smoker gets some kind of satisfaction from smoking, and that is why he or she smokes. We all know that cigarettes are addictive and that they can lead to cancer. If you don't know that, and you are reading it for the first time, you shouldn't be at WAC because you couldn't pass an Army IQ test.

For some reason however, the people that held the Smoke Out last semester believe that we smokers really are that dumb. They believe that we can't read the Surgeon General's warning, we don't watch any TV or read any magazines, or even see those hideous billboards comparing cigarettes to syringes. They try and try again, and they still do not succeed.

You would think that they would get the hint when Phillip Morris (the company that markets Marlboros) has to put ads on television convincing people not to smoke, but people still smoke. Or perhaps they would get the hint when they have a Smoke Out, with cookies and cider, and people are flocking to meet up with the smokers on Kent Porch. They don't understand that for people to overcome an addiction, it has to be personal. Friends and family would have to sway them the other way. Even then, many people still turn a blind eye. This is because they have made their choice and they are sticking to it.

Cigarettes are not intoxicants and they do not lead to violent behaviors. That is why they are still legal. As long as tobacco is still legal, it is a person's right to make choices and live with them. What the anti-smoking advocates believe is that since cigarettes are bad for you, smoking them shouldn't be a choice. But there are many things beyond tobacco in our society that are bad for us which are socially acceptable, that make life a little more enjoyable.



Courtesy of www.behavioralhealth.typepad.com

One example of this is the Tipson Sandwich. I love the Tipson sandwich. Imagine a bunch of health nuts protesting inside the Cove and forcing you to eat your Tipson in the cold. It wouldn't be as good as it was before. Imagine also that the government decided to hike up the price of beer 50-100% because they deem it unhealthy. Even Natty Boh would become pricy for the average college student. The list of things could definitely continue, and our society would be a puritan version of hell. Smokers already have to bear the heavy taxation of cigarettes, being forced to smoke outside, and constantly hearing the same rant from the same people about the dangers of smoking. These advocates won't stop because they are too ignorant to realize that their methods don't work. Smokers have made a set personal choice and they stick by it.

It is the fact that smokers make a personal choice that makes them just as human as anyone else. Some people choose not to smoke, others choose to smoke, and these decisions make us real people. No one should classify people into groups of good and evil; that is what groups like the Nazis did. If you are an avid anti-smoking advocate, just realize that smokers are people too. Don't force us into smoking section ghettos; we will gladly walk away from you if it is a disturbance. If you still want everyone to stop smoking even though it is their choice, lock yourself in your dorm room. Why? Because you pose a bigger threat to society than any big tobacco company on Earth.

Editor's Note:

Despite an individual's freedom to light up, some smokers have toyed with the idea of quitting. If you are interested in finding out about ways to quit, visit the Health Center for more information or www.thetruth.com.

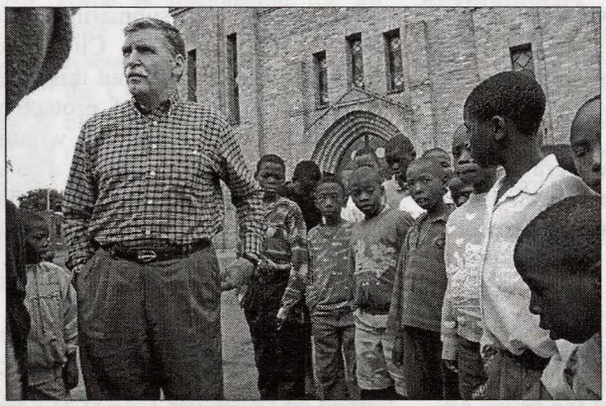
A Reaction to Peter Raymont's *Shake Hands With the Devil: The Journey of Romeo Dallaire...* Can One Person Make a Difference?

By George Connelly

On the vast and growing realm of international relations and in the interdependent and more and more globalized political landscape in which we live, one begs to ask the question, can one person really make a difference? On February 2nd, 2006, Peter Raymont visited Washington College and showed his documentary *Shake Hands with the Devil: The Journey of Romeo Dallaire.* This awe inspiring film provoked this very question. Romeo Dallaire, a Canadian General, was the original United Nations Assistance Mission for Rwanda (UNAMIR) Commander. He and his mission were doomed to failure from the beginning.

Third party factions in Rwanda's already tumultuous political landscape, a lack of United Nations and Western/Developed Nation Support, and a former colonizer acting as the main peace keeping contingent (the Belgians), lead to a rapid decline in affairs in the region and the eruption of violence that claimed 800,000 men, women, and children's lives in roughly 90 days. Romeo Dallaire tried his best to prevent violence and save as many as he could. He faxed the United Nations Office of Peace Keeping Missions, then headed by Kofi Annan (now UN Secretary General), asking daily for orders and aid in taking out arms caches before the genocide, and then when fighting broke out, writing to plead for aid in the form of Food, Medicine, Water etc... to keep the Tutsi's alive. The Tutsis on the ground were literally being held hostage by Hutu Power and Interhamwe fighters, within United Nations safe zones and there was nothing that peace keepers could do besides hold the compounds together as best they could, and watch the violence on the outside. Dallaire tried everything to save as many as he could, and he was successful in saving many, put still blames himself for the violence that erupted and basically that his mission was a failure and was unable to prevent the violence.

Critics from the Belgian Government criticize him for allowing 10 Belgian peacekeepers to be killed, and others simply ask why didn't he disobey orders and proceed with his own mission? As a man of honor and a general, he felt obligated not to disobey his orders and really what choice did he have? After losing the 10 peace keepers, Belgian personnel were pulled out of the country, and they were the main source of Dallaire's man power. Following that, westerners by the hundreds were evacuated from the country as fast as possible by their home governments and nothing was even done to stop the violence. The French were even supporting Hutu Power and the Genocide by sending weapons, and later by taking on "refugees" who are really genocidaires after the conflict ended.



Romeo Dallaire is now taking his message on the road through his book, public speaking engagements, interviews, and documentaries like this one. He apologizes for the mistakes of the western powers, but also asks the questions that need to be asked, and probes beyond all the rhetoric, constantly saying, why? Why this did happen and why was it allowed to happen? Romeo Dallaire, by many in Rwanda is considered a hero for doing what he did. He saved thousands but he still doesn't feel it was enough. This story of true self sacrifice and willingness to do whatever it takes to save a life reminds me of a quote from the upcoming X-Men movie, X-3:

" Since the dawn of existence, there have always been moments when the course of history shifted. Such a turning point is upon us now, where the conflict between the better and worse angels of our very nature, whose outcome could change our world so greatly that there will be no going back. I do not know if victory is possible, I only know that great sacrifice will be required and because the fate of many will depend on a few, we must make the last stand!"

That conflict could be defined as a question of basic sovereignty; the very basic principal that keeps many nations from interceding in cases of Genocide, versus humanitarian intervention is the larger issue here and could be described as the turning point in history. Are we to sit idly by during cases of genocide and not intercede on the grounds of sovereignty, while hundreds, thousands, or even millions die?

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The United Nations has a Genocide Convention that was approved and ratified after the Second World War and the Nazi atrocities were discovered. After world War II, the world boldly said "Never again," only to allow genocide to pervade the world view again in Cambodia, again in Iraq, and even again in Europe in the Balkans, and then finally again in Rwanda and as we speak in the Darfur Region of the Sudan, just to name a few…

In 1988, after years of grappling with the issue, the United States Senate ratified the Genocide Convention, too late for the cases in Cambodia and in some cases, the early Genocides in Iraq against the Kurds, but not too late for the Balkans and for Rwanda. The Balkans, however, in form of US Policy and other developed nations policies were seen as more important, more resource-rich, and above all, more in the strategic and national interest of those nations.

When Slobodan Milosevic slaughtered thousands on the basis of ethnicity and religion, and used rape as a war crime, ordering officers and generals to rape "any woman who was not a Serb, whether they are deserving of a Serb man or not in looks and beauty," the world reluctantly stood up and stopped him, but not before the damage was done, mass graves were dug , and work camps began filling with political "unwantables," according to the Serbs.

Meanwhile, In Africa, no one cared. In Rwanda, no one cared. This was the situation that Romeo Dallaire was put in. He is one of the better Angels, one of the few fighting for the many, in hopes of saving as many as he can. One of the few that made a stand and continues to make a stand, hopefully keeping this one instance from leaving the hearts and mind of all the people he is able to reach and come in contact with, and hopefully making the world live up to its promise of "*Never Again*," made after World War II.

A Cost– Cutting Measure for National Security

By Colin Fischer

"There is nothing stronger than the Heart of a Volunteer," says Alec Baldwin in the second half of *Pearl Harbor*. It speaks to the indelible spirit of the volunteer. Things weren't so different back in 1941. The United States had just been deliberately attacked, her borders were nearly transparent, and the economy was stagnating. There was also an ever increasing National Debt, and high unemployment.

With few exceptions, the Homeland Security problems faced in the 1940's were not much different than today. In the south, Nazi saboteurs were crossing into the United States via the Mexican-American frontier, with nothing but a chain-linked fence to stop them, and sometimes not even that. In the Atlantic, Nazi submarines preyed on US Ships carrying much needed supplies to Britain. On the land, the US Army Air Corps, the Naval Air Force, and the Coast Guard lacked the men, training and materials to patrol our borders. In one case, a German submarine landed 7 saboteurs in New York City. Fortunately, all were caught, but this incident demonstrates the lack of protection in those early years. And yet, within the midst of all of these problems, a solution was found. For the first time, civilian volunteers were tasked with the patrol of the US waterways, ports and border. An organization gained its wings, one that still exists today.

The Civil Air Patrol (CAP) was formed on December 1, 1941 as a volunteer "aerial neighborhood watch." The members supplied their own aircraft, and paid for their own fuel. When the lack of man and machine power was realized, they offered their services to their country, and these weekend-warriors turned into true Americans. The members flew their own aircraft—now painted red and yellow, and bearing official "US" markings—over the waterways scouting for enemy submarines. Later, death charges and bombsights were added so the small aircraft could sink the subs before they could get away. Single-handedly, these Americans stopped the U-Boat attacks, confirmed in 1945 when German Admiral Doenitz was asked why the submarine patrols stopped. He simply replied, "It was because of those damned little red and yellow aircraft!"

It is important to remember that these men and women were not being paid for their services. They were doing this for the homeland because they felt it was their duty. Believe it or not, that spirit of patriotism is still alive today. The CAP is the only wartime defense organization outside the military that survived the war's end. They have since been tasked with three missions: Emergency Services, Cadet Programs, and Aerospace Education. Of those three, Emergency Services is their hallmark. Another point of pride for the organization is their response on September 11, 2001. They were the first Federal Agency in the area of Ground Zero that morning, with aircraft in the air mere minutes after it happened. These volunteers once again pulled through, leaving their jobs and families on that fateful day to take reconnaissance photos and transport blood from local blood banks into JFK Airport.

It is no secret that the National Debt raises with each passing day. Although such expenditures for National Security are necessary, there is a better way. With the exception of the Civil Air Patrol and her sister organization, the Coast Guard Auxiliary (CGAux), almost all Homeland Security officers are paid. They belong to any number of Federal, State or Local agencies from the Coast Guard to State Police Corps and even theFBI. Depending on their rank, these members are paid salaries that can start at $20,000 a year plus full medical and other benefits. As volunteers, the members of the CAP and the CGAux don't receive a paycheck, and all the government pays for is their training, and fuel expenditures while on mission.

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The Civil Air Patrol alone has over 60,000 trained, professional members ready to respond, plus the largest fleet of single-engined aircraft in the world. The Civil Air Patrol and the Coast Guard Aux both use Cessna C-172's and C-182's for most of their operations. The total cost of the more expensive 182 is about $200 per hour with a fully trained crew of 3 unpaid officers. The C-182 can arrive on station and send back real-time images within an hour of being launched. According to "Civil Air Patrol Volunteer," the CAP's national magazine, a US Border Patrol Blackhawk helicopter costs nearly $2,664 per hour to operate; a fully paid and trained crew of four makes the complete cost about $15,000. The only advantage the Black Hawk has over the Cessna is its VTOL (Vertical Takeoff and Landing) Capabilities. Their top speeds are comparable to one another, and the maintenance cost of the C-182 is significantly lower than a Blackhawk. In addition, CAP has its own FAA certified mechanics, who are also volunteers. The Blackhawk would need a fully trained ground crew that is receiving a paycheck. In terms of maintenance for the Cessna, the Government would only be paying for the necessary parts to repair it. Simply put, for the price of one hour of Blackhawk operation, the government could get 7.5 more hours out of Civil Air Patrol or Coast Guard Auxiliary aircraft.

Courtesy of CAP

The use of Unmanned Aerial Vehicles (UAV) has been cited as another solution. Again, the Cessna wins out. The UAV's cost just a little cheaper than a Blackhawk, topping off at around $13,456 per hour to operate. Instead of a crew of four and a ground team of maybe six, one UAV would require a ground crew of 20 people, plus two pilots, all of which are paid. Secondly, UAV's cannot avoid air traffic in their area of flight, forcing the FAA to restrict the airspace they would be operating in. UAV's are also restricted from flying in heavily populated areas, and statistics show they are nearly 100 times more likely to crash when compared to a manned aircraft. As for their advanced optical sensors, CAP and CGAux aircraft are specially designed to incorporate new surveillance and other technologies, as their original function is search and rescue. With proper training, the volunteers could use these new systems as well as any other paid military or government officer, provided they were available.

Courtesy of CAP

America is at war. The majority of our Soldiers, Sailors, Airmen and Marines are overseas defending freedom and the United States of America. The war has left the homeland with a bare-minimum of military personnel. If anything has shown this weakness, it was the 2005 hurricane season. Although President Bush activated the US Air Force on August 28, 2005, the day before Katrina made landfall; the Air Force didn't have enough search and rescue personnel to cover the area sufficiently. The Air Force is responsible for all inland disaster relief, and search and rescue operations, whereas the Coast Guard is responsible for all those that are maritime-related. They are tasked through the Air Force Rescue Coordination Center (AFRCC) and delegated to the appropriate agency. This lack of personnel did not faze the commanders, however. Instead, they called up trained members of the Civil Air Patrol, and likewise, the Coast Guard called up members of their own Auxiliary. Much was said about a Canadian search and rescue team arriving five days before the US Military, but little note was taken of the American volunteer assets already on the ground. Both CAP and CGAux were on the scene immediately. The Official After-Action Report filed by CAP commanders showed, with little exception, professionalism above and beyond the call of duty for those volunteers who were chosen to go. In the end, both organizations were credited with saving thousands of lives in the aftermath of the hurricanes. The Secretary of the Air Force himself personally thanked Civil Air Patrol for its help in the effort.

When the time comes, volunteer members will do their job as they were trained. Volunteers have another unique quality as well. Since they are not being paid, these members are there because they want to be there. They have no ulterior motive that forces them to be a member of such an organization. The character of both the CAP and the CGAux is the same: concerned citizens who want to serve the nation they love in a time of need. Such security organizations can become vital parts of the American team. With the right training and support from the government, volunteer security organizations can aide in the War on Terror. Americans have a history of stepping up when needed. The principal fighters in the early days of the Revolutionary War were called "minutemen," men who would take up arms against the British when needed. Modern volunteer organizations demonstrate a continued willingness from the citizen to step up and aide in the protection of America.

The Civil Air Patrol and her wartime mission demonstrate this. They can save money, as their members are not being paid, and they act professionally when called upon, picking up the slack where other agencies falter. The Civil Air Patrol alone shows what a group of committed citizens can do; what was once a misfit group of private aviators became an invaluable part of the war effort. With the proper training and discipline, Volunteer Defense Organizations could become the deciding factor in Homeland Security.

Colin Fischer is a Technical Flight Officer in the Civil Air Patrol.

The Sixth & Newest Decemberists Album *Picaresque:*

By Julie Converse

What happens when you take a fiction writer, put him in a band with guitar and accordion, and tell him to sing about French Revolution-era prostitutes, 19th century sailors, and sorrowful barrow boys? And would you know what category to put such music in if you heard it?

Courtesy of decemberists.com

I suppose you could call it pop. Or you could go the other way and call it "indie." But whatever label you strive to apply, you will be rendered powerless in the face of The Decemberists' elegantly archaic language and cleverly-woven stories and fables. For stories and fables they are, songs about mariners taking revenge upon "cheap and debonair lads of eighteen," tunes for which "parapets blow a multitude of coronets, melodies rhapsodical and fair."

Though a Portland, Oregon based group, Colin Meloy's wavering, nearly-obnoxious voice delivers such emotional wails in something like Gaelic phrasing (especially in "We Both Go Down Together") that you would swear it was traditional Irish folk. Some mean old critics have called Meloy "donkey-voiced," but that just shows Blender magazine hasn't thought enough about Bob Dylan or Janis Joplin and their legacy in a while.

The album begins exotically and joyfully, as "The Infanta" is brought in to the heralding of Middle-Eastern riffs. The energy is still high as they launch into "We Both Go Down Together." Involving string section and a familiar forbidden love story, a "tattooed tramp" and a "daughter of the labor camps" are prevented by their parents to see each other, until the last stanza:

Meet me on my vast veranda/ My sweet untouched Miranda/And While the seagulls are crying/We fall but our souls are flying.

"Eli the Barrowboy" is a sort of tragic ghost story about a poor widower who only wishes he could sell enough corn cobs and candle wax to buy his love "a fine robe, made of gold and silk and Arabian thread." After he drowns in the river, he is laid in the churchyard, but his ghost still walks the streets with his barrow, crying for his body and his love.

Abruptly following the slow, simple, and sad "From My Own True Love (Lost at Sea)" comes "16 Military Wives" in a very upbeat, rock'n'roll guitar rhythm. It nearly seems out of place among the other whimsical stories, shifting focus from the traditional and historical to the current. "16" bites down playfully as a satirical commentary of The American Way, depicting doomed military husbands, "celebrity mimes, leading their fifteen sordid wretched checkered lives...using their fifteen pristine moderate liberal minds" and hailing,

Cheer them on to their rivals/ Cause America can, and America can't say no/ And America does, if America says it's so/It's so!

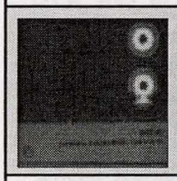
The longest, most epic, and perhaps most memorable tale is that in "The Mariner's Revenge Song," another kind of ghost story, only more frightening and horrific. The story begins inside a giant whale, when two men realize they have met before, to the delightful chucking of a mandolin. The older man was once a guest in the younger's house, taken in by his widowed mother who was enamored of the man's seeming innocence. He became a degenerate drunk,

leaving the son and mother with his gambling debts. Soon after their house was reclaimed, the mother died "a consumptive wretch," but had one last request for revenge:

See Decemberists on pg 12

Reasonably New Releases

By Will Bruce

	DJ Shadow - Funky Skunk Mixtape	DJ Shadow re-establishes himself as the lordly master of his domain with an hour-long mix that picks up tracks both old and new from countless genres of hip-hop, stops by some cheap and fast 70's funk, and incorporates enough mainstream material that you can have fun playing spot the beat, too. Kept me well entertained for an hour in health services before I realized the nurse had forgotten about me.	4.5/5
	Lightning Bolt - Hypermagic Mountain	The Rhode Island based two man drums and bass guitar roaring tyrannosaurus death squad issues another album of over-clocked freak out noise. The highlights of the album show some very promising new directions and structure, but for the most part this album is just a reworking of Wonderful Rainbow with less melody and more noise.	3/5
	Ladytron - Witching Hour	UK darkling dance duo (I sure am good at that) with their third album of urgent 4/4 guitar synth female vocal black key melody reverb atmospherics. Although not without missteps and arguably cheap thrills, easily the most consistent and enjoyable of their discography to date.	3.8/5
	**Jens Lekman** - Oh You're So Silent	A collection of singles from the troubled career of this 20-something pleasingly foreign sad-boy. Mostly slow and low piano-with-orchestra ballads lacking the ludicrous over the top numbers and strange humor that made his debut full-length work out as a whole, but what's good here is great.	3.5/5
	Belle and Sebastian - The Life Pursuit	Maybe you are a fan of the new and improved, full-voiced, shiny horns Belle and Sebastian - I'm not, and this isn't even that, this is listless overgrown boy-man public radio fodder for your father. When a band is still singing about the same issues they had when they were 20 when they are nearly 30, red flags should go up. To be fair, front man Murdoch still manages to find a hook for every song.	2.5/5

It's Bigger Than Hip Hop

By Nick Wright

Although Hip-Hop is composed of four elements, rapping and DJing often overshadow the importance and contributions that Break Dancing and Graffiti bring to the culture. Each element of Hip-Hop allows a person to express themselves creatively in numerous ways and through varying mediums. Rapping or MCing allows a person to vocalize their thoughts or ideas; Scratching or DJing displays a person's musical talent; Graffiti allows a person to display a message or idea visually; and Break Dancing allows the expression of an idea or feeling through dance. Each element is equally important as the others and Graffiti art as well as Break Dancing has had a major impact on the style of music we listen to today as well as the types of things we associate rap music with.

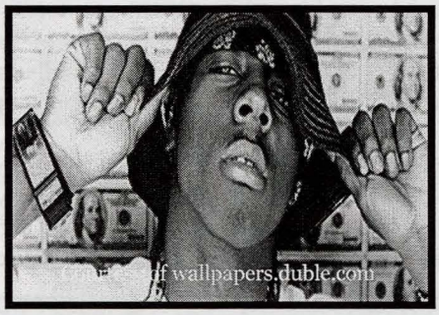
Graffiti writing is deemed illegal in many places throughout the world and often seen as a senseless defacing of a building or wall. This is true in some places yet Graffiti's prevalence has certainly not been hindered by this feeling. Many defend attacks on Graffiti by saying that Graffiti is really just a form of art and like all art, it belongs in public spaces. Avid Graffiti artists are always encouraging the creation of more legal spaces and walls for their works although most often they must resort to the risky business of writing, or 'tagging', at night when it is less likely to be seen. Tagging is not constrained to simply walls on a building and is seen almost everywhere in an urban area including trains, buses, water towers, mailboxes and shutters. The harder it is to get to the area where you intend to write, the more prestige is associated with it

*(See **Graffiti** and **Nick's Picks** on pg. 13)*

Gettin' It: Li'l Wayne and His New Classic

By Will Grofic

In an upper-middle class house in a spacious suburban development, Lil' Wayne looked high. His eyes were slits, and his eyelids were deadweight. His lyrics say it: "she get high all the time cuz I'm always doing it" ("Receipt," *Tha Carter II*). He was pointing at things in his house for MTV's Cribs with a carefree gesture that a stoned friend would make for the Doritos across the room.



He had all the basics in his house. Maybe it was even a little modest for the man who originated the phrase "bling bling." Scarface memorabilia: check. Dining room that the residents openly say they never use: check. Hypnotic/Courvoisier/various other alcoholic beverages commonly rapped about: check.

Then he got to his daughter's room. It looked, by size only, like my brother's old one, the one that a younger brother pines for but never gets until he's too much in his teenager years to care (and, coincidentally, complains about everything). It was not gigantic; there were no mink suede floors. It was a normal room with a bunch of Dora the Explorer stuff. When Lil' Wayne says "Dora the Explorer, she's crazy about it," at that point, you know "bling" can't be the reason he's this famous. A family! This seems like the core of vulnerability in Hip Hop.

As Kevin Powell said in a 1992 *Vibe* article about Naughty by Nature's Treach: "That, it seems, is where his success comes from: the ability to control the rage and cultivate the creativity, a powerful combination that will allow him to move up." When that article was written, coming from the early 90's tradition of gangsta rap, Hip Hop was still making its name out in the music land. Now, we have a dichotomy between the "commercial" rap and the "real" Hip Hop. Kanye won't be able to bridge the gap as much as he really thought he would. Kanye will make RZA beats for American Eagle ads, and they will be bangers. But you can't hip hop about a broken jaw over three records. Lil' Weezy actually could be the one to do what Kanye will not.

"Motherf***ing best yet, sorry for cussin'"- from "Best Rapper Ever" off *Tha Carter II*.

I was participating in a case race with friends, and the discussion was solely on *Tha Carter II*, Lil' Wayne's latest album. Most of it was about Lil' Wayne himself, with favorite anecdotes about him retold here and there. If anything, the new Lil' Wayne is as ridiculous as Ghostface, and the scary thing is that lyrically he may be close to him. Or closer than I thought. Because I've turned away from the commercial scene - when my friend's phone kept playing Mike Jones' "Tippin," I stopped calling him. I didn't even want that song being played, anywhere.

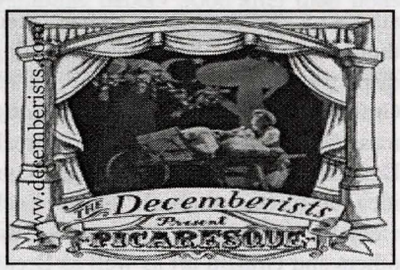
In the song "Receipt," on *Tha Carter II*, he croons: "guess what my daughter want another, sister or brother, and you're looking like a mother" to an upbeat old R&B sample. The most upbeat rap song of the year. Hold on to that "Receipt". It seems his success has come from being the originator of "Bling," but his legacy could be in cultivating the familial and making it accessible to the commercial. On the smooth jazz guitar of "Shooters," Lil Wayne tells us, "this is southern, face it, if we too simple, ya'll don't get the basics." Finally, I think I got it. Here's hoping you do.

***Decemberists**, continued from pg. 10*

Drag him to a hole until he/ Wakes up naked/ Clawing at the ceiling/Of his grave.

Spurred by revenge, the speaker spent twenty months at sea searching for a cruel captain and his whaling ship. It is during this time when his mother's ghost speaks to him again, repeating her death wish. This is decidedly the creepiest part of the song, as the chorus is sung by one woman and whispered by another. When the man's ship appeared, the whale swallowed the whaler's crew in a parallel mode of revenge, and only the two survived. When the speaker begins to repeat his mother's request, only the accordion plays the melody, and the song ends, speeding in tempo, and accented by two last notes.

I recommend *Picaresque* for long driving trips back home for winter break when you are tired of your old 90s one-hit wonders CDs and popular radio junk food music. A kinder and truer evaluation of The Decemberists is taken from Pitchfork.com, which praises their "musical profundity mollified by personal understatement…with about a thousand-and-a-half layers of musical genius, and that's sort of freakin' awesome."



Graffiti, continued from pg. 11

and the less likely it is for a rival to write over your Tag. Graffiti began as a delinquent activity and evolved over the years into a difficult to master and sometimes risky art form. Today the largest collection of compiled graffiti can be found at artcrimes.com or graffiti.org which displays thousands of images from all areas of the world. Artcrimes.com was the first graffiti site on the web and was founded back in 1994 and since grown immensely. You can view and download some great images and it's all free.

Break Dancing is something usually associated with 'old school' rap although it is something that has always been there and recently there has been a revival of its popularity. One cannot talk about Breaking without mentioning the ever famous Rock Steady Crew. The only way to get into this exclusive crew was to battle another member through dance much like a rapping 'freestyle battle'. Originally formed in the late 70's, the Rock Steady crew quickly became the most well-known breaking crews in the nation after teaming up with the godfather of Hip-Hop, Afrika Bambaataa in 1982. Being associated with Afrika Bambaataa and his crew 'the Zulu Nation', allowed the Rock Steady Crew to perform in front of various audiences including Rastafarian, rock, funk and rap ones thereby expanding their fan base. The crew expanded past simply dancing and started to include graffiti artists as well as women and children dancers. Popularity waned however and by the late 80's to early 90's it was difficult to find enthusiastic 'breakers' or audiences yet this did not discourage the Rock Steady Crew who remain committed to the continuation and preservation of the Hip-Hop culture and community.

Each year the Rock Steady Crew hosts a monumental community event that usually stretches over several days which consists of thousands of Hip-Hop artists and enthusiasts coming together to celebrate the greatness of the culture. It is a time of celebration, expression, education and reflection for those who attend and those who cannot.

Nick's Picks: Artist Spotlight

Artist: Big L

Affiliations: DITC

Songs:Ebonics, Yes You May (remix), Flamboyant, '98 Freestyle, Platinum Plus, The Heist, The Triboro, Devil's Son

By far and above one of my favorite MCs of all time goes by the name of Lamont Coleman, or 'Big L'. Born and raised in Harlem in 1974, he made an early decision to pursue a rap career as his ticket out of poverty rather than crime or drugs. In 1992 at the age of 17 he was featured on a song 'Yes You May (remix)' with Lord Finesse, which launched his career. He signed with Columbia Records in 1993 wand released the single 'Devil's Son' which was quickly banned from the radio. Two years later he released his debut album 'Lifestyles Of Da Poor & Dangerous' which was widely commercially ignored but a hit with underground fans. Consequently, Big L was dropped from Columbia the next year. He soon met up with artists: Show, AG, Lord Finesse, Fat Joe, OC, and Diamond to form the successful group D.I.T.C (Diggin' in the Crates). They began recording mixtapes and doing concerts in Japan and Amsterdam as their renown began to steadily grow. In 1999, Big L was shot 7 times in the chest and head on the streets of Harlem only several blocks from his house, he died February 15 at the age of 24. In August of 2000 a tribute album was released with some of his works remixed or finished, half were done before his death and half after. Artists that helped and were featured on it included Guru, D.I.T.C., Big Daddy Kane, Kool G. Rap and Tupac Shakur. This album received more attention and went gold, it was the first of his to do so.

Are you a music guru?

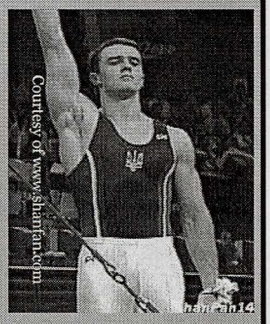
Write for us and have your voice heard!

E-mail spawlowski2@washcoll.edu for more information

Gotta Have Faith!

By Faith Paulick

Dear Faith,
I have a predicament. My best guy friend of four years introduced me to a friend of his. It turns out I hit it off really well with this guy, but my best friend warned me that he was unfaithful with women. It just so happens he is a Navy man and a gymnast…Faith, do you know what a gymnast looks like? He's fabulous. Anyway I didn't want to tell my best guy friend that I started crushing on this guy because I knew my best friend would not approve, but he found out. Now my best friend is not speaking to me. What do I do? Do I stay true to my friend, or do I go with this guy since my best friend should not choose who I date anyway?
Sincerely,
Confused N. Confounded



Dear C.N.C.,
A gymnast, huh? How about this. You give me the number of this gymnast man you speak so highly of, and I can keep him distracted for you while you work things out with your best friend. I can take him to a nice dinner, maybe a movie…he can show me how he twirls around on a pole, just the basic get-to-know-you type stuff. Then once you and your friend have worked things out you will no longer be interested in the gymnast and he will have already made his way through Kent and Queen Anne's County. You will then realize that your best friend was right all along, and the only place you see the gymnast is in the health clinic in line waiting for a shot of penicillin. In all seriousness, friendship is one of the most valuable things you will ever own. To be able to say that you have a best friend who cares enough to be concerned about your well being in a relationship says a lot. It may not seem like he cares about you, it may seem as though he is merely being jealous, or that he wants to control the relationships you are in. I do not think this is the case with your friend. He knows this guy. Let's face it. Guys know guys. I wish I could say your best friend is being silly and he is probably wrong about this guy. Unfortunately I seriously doubt it. Besides, who needs a gymnast when you have Phi Delta Thetas, Kappa Alphas and Theta Chis on this very campus?
So, here's what you do. Take your best friend's advice, ditch the gymnast, and talk out your problems over a cocktail. Then tell that gymnast to come to the Kent House and ask for Faith.

Sincerely Yours,

Faith

The (Very) Smokin' Section

What's Hot for V-Day

By Jo Schaeffer

Every year, Valentine's Day grates on my nerves like a cheese slicer on an Abu Gharib detainee's skin. It's a definite drag. If I'm in a relationship, I resent the pressure to do something "nice" for the person I should be doing nice things for regardless of the season, and if I'm single I bemoan the fact that I am alone and loverless. However, this year I have discovered Valentine's Day gifts about as preposterous as the holiday itself. It might make the 14th a day worth celebrating.

First, there's **The Gummy Heart Candy** from *wonderfully-wacky.com.* According to the website, each heart is fully edible, measures 4" in diameter, and weighs "approximately 90 grams."

Then, for around five hundred bones, you can treat your sweetie to a half day of **Formula Race Car Driving**. Talk about fast women (or men)! See *excitations.com* for details.

For the dateless male, there's the **Breast Pillowcase**. It's apparently a pillowcase with a pair of stuffed boobs sewn on it. This is a must-have for any single and disturbingly desperate man, and can be aquired for 30 pounds sterling at *thatsbizarre.co/uk.* And for the single female, there's **Julian**, who, as *intimatesynergy.com* claims, is "better than real!" Hot. Spread the love.

Is your life way too complicated and you're in need of some practical advice?

Send your queries to Faith:

fpaulick2@washcoll.edu

Baseball and Life

A short story by David Gebler

"So Sport, we're gonna sign ya' up for the leagues tom'ara right?"

The boy sat there noddin' his head. Whether or not he knew that someday he'd be breakin' Hank Arron's Homerun record like his Dad knew, he sat there listening to every word. Listening but not necessarily understandin' the meaning of all of 'em.

"That'a boy. That's my boy. Go get your pops a drink from the fridge."

The two of them were sitting in the basement, where the two of them lived. It was what the old man called "The Realm of Men". But maybe we should go a few steps back. Back to the beginning.

You see, whenever the Misses went to the plate, she would always bat a single baby girl on every time. After a while, the bases were loaded with girls. Well, the old man had always wanted a son and he wasn't about to let God get in the way. If that damn boy never came out that fourth time, they'd have had 19 little girls by now.

But anyway, as soon as that child came out, and the doctor said, "It's a Boy", the old man's heart jumped out. He shook his hand free from his wife's and snatched the baby like cookies fresh from the oven.

"Oh I knew it! I knew it, oh Lord I knew it. This is the one. I know there are great things for this boy, I just know it. He's a fighter. Look at this! Watch your fingers now' cuz this boy can rip em off, I tell ya!." The baby boy just cried on account that that was all he could do.

When they all got back home from the hospital, the old man knew what he had to do. He knew that raisin' a boy into a man was not gonna be done in the presence of females. And lord, were there a lot of females. They had the Misses', the three Gals, Grandma Hester, and an old Dog named Maggie. It was crammed full of em'. The whole house smelled of perfumes and shampoos. Every piece of clothin' was folded and tucked away neatly. I swear you could have moved a pillow an inch and they'd have known it was out of place when they saw it.

Well now, that old man knew that this environment was gonna fall foul. So what he did see was turn the basement into the Realm of Men. This was where he had planned out his dream of turnin' his boy into a baseball champion. From the first time the child slept in that house, he was surrounded by the sound of ball announcers from the radio, he knew the feel of a broken down mitt, he tasted the salt from a sunflower seed, and dreamt with baseball card mobiles above his head.

Oh, that brings up a story. Lemme' get off track for a moment, for I do feel this is worth it. Those three sisters' of his loved to try and mess with all of his masculine process. All three of them… well now don't get me wrong; these weren't no malicious gals. They just every once a while would play a little joke on the boy. Not so much a joke, but rather a moment of manipulation due to their age. But out of all of them, Candy was the worst. She was 17 give or take, and if any child in the house was considered the boss, it was her.

So anyway, one day the girls were selling lemonade as means of developing some cash flow. Candy had the idea to buy some liquor when she went out with her boyfriend up to the high school late at night. Well the day was hot, and the sales weren't goin' too well. Now here comes the boy with his baseball glove and bat to out to the park, and that girl spots him singing Diana Ross and the Supreme's *Stop in the Name of Love.* In a matter of no time, those girls had snatched him up, dressed him up, and had him signing to draw costumers. And they did too. Some took pictures, and some just laughed and bought lemonade.

(continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page)

But when the old man came home, and saw his son in a dress singing juke-box songs, he lost it. He got out of his old Lincoln and pulled that dress of his son faster than Willy Mayes stole second. What he hadn't expected was that he wasn't wearing any briefs underneath it. There stood his boy, with his manhood exposed in front of his father, looked up at him and asked, "Would you like some lemonade?"

"No I don't want any lemonade! Get inside and get yer glove! We playin' ball."

"But.... I don't..."

"And make sure you got clothes on too! I ain't gonna raise you into no foo'! You gonna be a man! Now go get that mitt!"

Well now, maybe we should get to the matter at hand and move a few thoughts back to what I said when I started.

Despite his upbringing, the boy had never actually played in a real ball game before. Up until 3rd grade he had always just played with his pops. But that was all about to change as the old man knew.

"Yessir, tom'ara' gonna be the day boy. I'm signin' you up for the leagues and that's when you'll show em. That's when I'll show 'em."

God had other things in mind.

The old man did sign him up. He and the boy got down to the REC center the very next day and signed up right there. When the old man lifted his pen from the Little Leagues sheet he looked up and measured the room. Everything was smaller; everything seemed to be able to fit in his palm. For the boy though, everything seemed bigger; everything seemed to be able to crush him with two fingers. Actually, as his first game got closer and closer, the child thought he was shrinkin'. That has nothing to do with size either.

Batter up!

Oh I apologize, I skipped ahead. This was the day the boy was playin' in his first game.

C'mon batter, we don't got all day.

Things were movin' too fast. The crowd was too quiet and his dad was too loud.

"That's My BOY! That's my goddamn boy!"

The sun was too hot, and the ground was too cold. His mouth tasted like sand paper. And the umpire was being too impatient.

Batter! Take the plate.

He couldn't move, and that had nothing to do with the fact that his helmet was one size too big. It had nothing to do with the fact that the pitcher was a cannon, or the fact that the catcher was a Sumo wrestler dressed in armor.

"THAT'S MY BOY" It had all to do with his old man. It had everything to do with baseball making him a man. It was all about the fact he didn't want to play ball anymore. It wouldn't have been so bad, had he had the breath to breathe.

What are you doing, batter?

He could have taken the plate. He knew he could have hit the runner on second home. But he couldn't do it. He couldn't let his Dad down.

"You just wait ya'll. My boy gonna drill this ball."

I dunno if you get what I'm saying correctly. If he had taken that plate, he would have been more of a ball player and less of a man.

Batter, this is your last warning.

That was what he was supposed to be right? A man? He had to do what he had to do, but he didn't have the strength to do it the way he wanted to.

"I don't wanna..."

What was that batter?

"Here comes the fury! Here comes my boy!"

"I don't want to play...."

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page)

What are doing here then?

"That's my boy!"

The world went empty. The umpire, the catcher, the pitcher, the players, the crowd. The whole world went black. It was just him now. Just him, and his old man. There was no one left to talk to but him.

"I don't want to play baseball!"

His heart just gave out on him then. The boy collapsed on the field, crying profusely. It had taken all his strength to get the demon out of his soul, and had left him weak and fragile. The world went silent. The only sound was the child's moaning and the silence of the old man.

The boy couldn't look up. He didn't have the courage to look his father in the eye. He picked himself up, shielded his face with his helmet, and took off running.

Next batter

The world went on behind him. The only two not there were the boy and the old man.

He ran as fast as he could. Now don't think this child a coward. No sir. Have you ever seen the devil? It would take your whole strength to glance em', and your whole life to brave it. Yes'sir. I tell you. Yer' whole life. And this child was doin' the best he could to face his demons.

Phew… I need a breather. My mouth sure do feel dry after all that. I just got so caught up in it. I'm so…. You ever get that feeling? Lips smackin', sand grillin', kind of feeling? I forgot the word that defines it exactly, but it'll come back to me in no time. Prob'lee when I least expect it. I hate it when that happens. You'll be right in the middle of something and then it'll hit ya' hard. And at that precise time is when you don't want it. You'll just be standin' round, and by the time it comes to ya, is when no one else is near ya.

What? My story? Well give me a moment. By the time I'm done is when the boy will reach…. Parched!!! That's the word. I'm so glad yer still here. That was faster than I expected. Usually it takes such a long time. Anyway, lemme fetch myself some water. You just keep imagining that boy runnin'.

Don't look at me like that.

I'm thirsty!

Why don't you tell me a lil' bit bout ya'self first. That way I can do some liss'nen and do a little less talkin'.

Me?

I asked you first. Now that ain't fair.

I'm just a storyteller; don't get to wrapped up round me. It's what I'm tellin' that's important.

Anyway, its not yet time to start back up the story. The boy's not there yet. What do you mean that doesn't make sense? Of course it makes sense! You need to be more patient.

Alright! Alright, already. I'll start back up.

Well see now, the boy had ran so far, that the sun had passed, and the moon was full, and ran a lotta more af'ta that. Finally he stopped to catch his breath. The pain of his gasping lungs was the only thing that could get his mind off his pops. Turns out course he had ran all the way to a High School. Just so happened to be the same High school where…

"Bill, get off of me"

The boy looked up. He could hear his sister, Candy, underneath the bleachers of the football field. The boy picked himself off the ground and headed towards her voice.

"Bill, you're hurting me get off'

It was dark there. Only the moonlight shown through and revealed the Candy's arms trying to get free. Like young lads are known to do, Bill had had a little too much to drink.

"BILL!!!"

The boy knew what had to be done. He knew that it was impossible, but he had to do it anyway.

(Continued on next page)

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It only took him three seconds to jump on Billy's back and start scratchin', bitin, pullin'. This was nothin'. After climbin' on up a mountain, this hill named Bill was just one last thing in the child's way.

Just warnin' ya now, there's some language up ahead that I find mighty offensive, but that's the way it happened, and that's the way I'm gonna tell it. Jus' be forewarned.

"What the fuck? Get off me!" Billy released his grip from the girl. He flung his arms back like he was tryin' to swat bee's. Sometimes a tower is much too big when the wind comes. Even a little gust has caused build'ins to tip. Well, this was the case for Bill. He was just a little too big, and a lotta too drunk to keep standin'. The boy was crushed beneath him, but just kept on tearin' at him. The girl ran off home.

Well it didn't take long for the high school quarter back to pick himself up, flip the kid off his back, and punch him straight in the eye. The boy fell back like a rag doll, and banged his head on the frames of the bleachers. He should have stopped then. Candy had already got' away. But that wasn't the case; he was fresh out of fear and logic.

He got back up and ran head first toward his foe. But Bill was looking this time. His back wasn't turned. Thunder flashed. Or so it seemed. The boy found himself with his back on the ground: rubbing his nose where blood had been drawn from Bill's knee.

"Stay the fuck down kid."

Oh sorry. I forgot. I apologize for the language.

He didn't, by the way. The boy didn't stay down, I mean. He got right back up and charged again. His little fists were clinched together. He could have crushed a diamond between them, but he wasn't fightin' no diamond.

It didn't take long for Bill to grab hold of the boy and punch him in the gut. The wind flew out of him, and the boy crumbled to the ground grabbin' his chest.

Last time, I promise you. Young'ins cover yall ears.

"Fuck this man. Get a fucking clue kid!"

If Bill hadn't left, that boy would have gotten right back up after he gathered himself. He might have just gotten beaten to a bloody pulp if Bill didn't leave.

He lay there in the dark. The blood from his nose had gotten dry and stained his face. His chest felt like a 50-ton pound gorilla had broken it. Crazy thing, though. I know he'd rather had still kept there underneath the moonlight, fightin' Bill, then havin' to go home.

Which he did, after he passed out under the bleachers. Well actually I guess he didn't go home, he was brought home.

Wait let me say that again. You see, if you never been beat by a freight train, then you wouldn't know how tired you'd be afterwards. So the boy just fell asleep under those bleachers. Of course, then his Pops came looking for him.

Next morning, our boy woke up in a hospital bed with his Pops standing right next to him.

Did I rush that? I'm sorry, but I tend to do that when I wrap up a story to the end.

"Sweet Jesus, son, I heard the whole thing from your sister! What on god's green earth happen'd to you boy? Why on earth would you fight big ol' Bill?."

He didn't say anything. The old man picked up a washcloth and started to wipe off the boy's face. It didn't take long for the child to start shaking. Tears squeezed out from his shut eyelids.

"C'mon boy, look at me."

Like fireworks, the boy's whole body started to break down. He started cryin', and shakin' even harder. Saliva was forming in his mouth, and his nose was getting' runny. But he opened his eyes. He opened his eyes and didn't look anywhere else but at his old man.

(Continued from previous page)

He looked right at him. If all you could see were those eyes, I swear you'd think they were someone else's.

"What's the matter son, you don't have to cry. Be a man."

He tried his best but he couldn't help it. All that came out was…

"I don't wanna play ball no more."

The room fell silent. Pops stopped breathin'. The boy stopped cryin'. The birds stopped chirping.

"Say that…. One more time."

"I….. I said I don't wanna play ball no more."

Yup, and that was the very end of that boy's life.

Haha, I'm just kidding.

Oh…. Right. Well how do you think he handled it? How would you take something that you had built your whole life on building as it crumbled to the ground? He was devastated. It took him 2 months to finally figure it out.

"Dad?"

The old man didn't look up. He just kept walkin' around, pullin' down the posters of baseball legends and scoopin' up the memories. It was a sad day down in the Realm of Men. Someone' would a been cryin' had it not been against the rules.

"Dad… I'm sorry…"

He glanced over at his son. He looked so much different now. Standing there, with his baseball glove near his feet. It tore the old man's heart apart. But at the same time, he was seein' his son for the first time. He was seein' the strength. He was seein' that his son…

"Dad… this is still the Realm of Men…"

The old man didn't say a word. But he knew now. He just gave a faint smile and nodded. That's right. He knew everythin' was gonna be different.

Oh come now. If you honestly don't know what it is that the old man figured out, then perhaps I should tell you the story all over again.

Lets just say, the Old man didn't fail altogether.

And I leave it at that.

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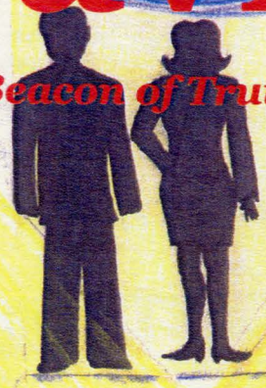
tborukhova2@washcoll.edu– Everything else

The Navigator

A Beacon of Truth in the Sea of Uncertainty



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The Navigator

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We Need a Cover Artist!

Please e-mail us if you're the least bit interested!!!

If you have questions, comments, corrections, or suggestions regarding anything in The Navigator, please send all correspondence to navi_editor@washcoll.edu. We love hearing what you have to say!

The Smokin' Section:

What's Hot and What's a Drag

Procrastination is the inevitable result of deadlines and due dates. Douglas Adams said, "I love deadlines. I like the whooshing sound they make as they fly by." As college students, we probably have more deadlines than most people. So next time you're surfing the web, check out (or avoid) a few of these websites.

HOT

www.collegehumor.com Obvious choice. If you're in college, about to go to college, been to college, thinking about going to college, chances are you've not only visited this site but find it pretty damn funny.

www.pointsincase.com. Collegehumor's little cousin. I spent hours reading reprints of AIM conversations and away messages...AIM wasting my time indirectly?! Perfect!

http://today.reuters.com/news/newsChannel.aspx?type=oddlyEnoughNews Sure, the URL's long, but where else can you read about purloined prosthetic legs and tiger poo as pest repellent?

DRAGGIN'

www.maddox.xmission.com This site's not bad in terms of content, but the creator doesn't update often enough to meet the needs of the chronic procrastinator.

www.facebook.com I know I'll be lambasted for criticizing the almighty facebook, but really, after you've amassed your requisite 300-some friends and joined clubs like "I hope Britney's baby comes out retarded," what else is there to do?

Killer Cocktail: Hurricaine

1 oz vodka
1/4 oz grenadine
1 oz gin
1 oz light rum
1/2 oz Bacardi 151 rum
1 oz amaretto
1 oz triple sec
grapefruit juice
pineapple juice

Pour all but the juices into a hurricane glass (see pictured) three-quarters filled with ice. Fill with equal parts of grapefruit and pineapple juice, and sip. Flip flops and Jimmy Buffet CDs are optional.

To virginize: mix 1/4 oz grenadine with equal parts grapefruit and pineapple juice. Don't forget the straw and the little umbrella.

How-To:
Be an It Kid

You know the kind. Lint-free, freshly pressed, shoes so polished you can see your reflection in them. The ladies have their clean-lined handbags under sleek control; the designs in the gentlemen's ties match the pinstripes on their suit jackets. These kids know they look good. Some embittered slob might remark, "Yeah, well, if I spent more time on my outfit than I did on my homework, I might look somewhat presentable, but I'd be a total moron." Fair point. However, let's think a couple of years down the line. You're in competition with one of these It kids for a job. Who will the interviewer most likely hire: the smart girl in the Chuck Taylors patched with duct tape and chipped blue nail polish or the moron with the leather-bound Franklin Covey planner, Nine West shoes, and manicured nails? Knowing how to present yourself is crucial to life outside of college. If you're as smart as you think you are, you'll adhere to the following spiff-up tips from WAC's very own It Boy Zach Dixon:

1. Buy (and use) a lint brush. Looking like a Sherpa is cool only if you're, you know, a Sherpa.

2. Strive to be subtle. Getting noticed is not the same as making a good impression. So girls, leave the cow-print Fendi purse at home, and guys, go easy on the pink. Dixon suggests a dark suit with a solid-colored tie; if you opt for pinstripes, make sure the stripes are thin.

3. The same rule regarding subtlety applies for cologne- you want people to remember *you*, not the way you smell.

4. Ladies: wear your makeup properly or don't wear it at all. This means your foundation needs to match the skin on your neck, and blush shouldn't be applied like racing stripes down your face.

4. Don't wear gold with silver jewelry unless you've got a piece (like a watch) with both tones in it.

5. Buy (and use) an iron. Nothing says "I just peeled myself out of the gutter after a night of heavy drinking" like wrinkled trousers.

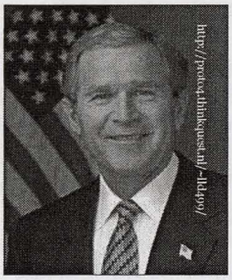
6. Men: get a haircut and shave. Unless you're trying to be a homeless person, you shouldn't look like one.

Who Will Be Bush's

The Presidential Elections for 2008 are just around the corner!

By George Connelly

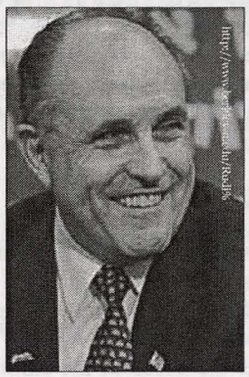
As Democrats and Republicans scramble to try and regain seats and take back control/ maintain control in the house and the senate, the mind tends to wonder... who is next? Who will the next president be? The election is coming, and in 2008 will we have a woman president elected? How about an African American president? These questions are looming out there along the press circuit and many people are starting to wonder, who is going to run, and who will get their party's nomination if they do?



Bye bye, Bush

Hil is the Dems' top pick

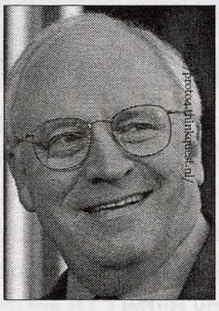
Recent polls conducted by *USA Today/CNN/ Gallup* show Hillary Clinton as the front runner in the Democratic Party. Polls conducted in the beginning of December, beginning of January, and beginning of February, all show Hillary in front of the list of possible candidates, with a large margin. (Roughly 40% to everyone else who got roughly under 20%). The list of possible democratic candidates produced some interesting names however. The list included in the poll, excluding Hillary were Indiana Senator Evan Bayh; Delaware Senator Joe Biden; Former North Carolina senator John Edwards; Massachusetts Senator John Kerry; New Mexico Governor Bill Richardson; Iowa Governor Tom Vilsack; and Virginia Governor Mark Warner.



Rudy's the Red state front runner

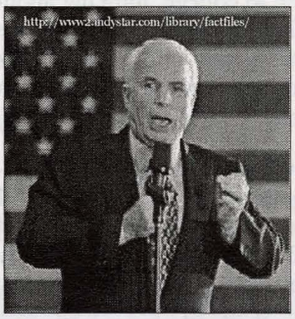
For the Republicans the clear front runner appears to be Rudy Giuliani followed closely by John McCain. Both receiving roughly 30% of the estimated primary vote, with others declining sharply. The lists of potential republicans also included in the poll were, Virginia Senator George Allen; Mississippi Governor Haley Barbour; Tennessee Senator Bill Frist; Former Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice; Massachusetts Governor Mitt Romney.

In polls that asked if the election were held today, and had Clinton running against Giuliani, Clinton won with a roughly 10% lead. If the candidates were changed and Clinton was in the race against McCain, McCain won, with a much larger, 20% lead.



Cheney won't run

The most interesting tidbit to this whole election hubbub is that Vice President Dick Cheney announced in 2001 that he would never run for President, a statement he reiterated as recently as March 2004 on *Fox News Sunday*. Cheney stated: "I will say just as hard as I possibly know how to say ... 'If nominated, I will not run,' 'If elected, I will not serve,' or not only 'no,' but 'Hell, no;' I've got my plans laid out. I'm going to serve this President for the next four years, and then I'm out of here." Cheney is known not to be in particularly good health: a former heavy smoker, he has had four heart attacks and repeated surgery on his heart and circulatory system, and he has persistent atherosclerotic disease. Many in the Republican Party feel he may also be to right wing and hawkish to even get the nomination, but traditionally the sitting Vice President is the front runner in a presidential election, where the sitting president does not run.



McCain: close 2nd after Giuliani

This makes the 2008 race a non-incumbent or "open seat" election in which a sitting President is not a candidate, barring President Bush's impeachment, incapacitation or death. Furthermore, assuming Cheney serves his full term and does not run, the 2008 race will be the first time since 1928 that

(continued on next page)

Successor in 2008?

(continued from previous page)

neither the sitting President nor the sitting Vice President is a candidate for President. I am excluding the 1952 general election between Dwight D. Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson because while it did not include a sitting President or Vice President, the sitting Vice President Alben Barkley did unsuccessfully campaigned for the Democratic presidential nomination.

Sen Obama might run

With all the talk of Condi Rice running and Hillary possibly getting in the mix, this makes for a very interesting and diverse election, in which we may have no choice but to have a woman president. Others in the press also point to the Democratic US Senator from Illinois, Barack Obama as another, possible minority candidate to run.

Condi: another Republican possibility?

Should Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice (another large name being touted around by the Republicans as a possible candidate) receive the Republican Party's nomination in 2008, she would revive an old practice that was the norm for the first fifty years of United States history. In early tradition, the Secretary of State post was traditionally the stepping stone to the Presidency. Many Commanders in Chief of the late 18th and early 19th centuries held Dr. Rice's current post before being elected, including Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, and James Buchanan. The Secretary of State post remains the primary Cabinet-level office (The Vice President, Speaker of the House, and President Pro-Tempore of the Senate are not considered members of the President's Primary Cabinet) to succeed the Chief Executive in the presidential line of succession.

"The 2008 race will be the first time since 1928 that neither the sitting president or sitting vice president is a candidate..."

There are two real questions that still remain, who will run for their party's nomination and who will in turn get their party's nomination? No candidate has opened their campaign for president as of yet. All we do know for sure is that The U.S. presidential election of 2008 is scheduled to occur on November 4, 2008. The election will determine the 44th President of the United States of America. The allocation of electoral votes to each state will remain the same for this election as it was for the election in 2004, relying on the 2000 Census and the winner will be sworn in on January 20th, 2009.

Editors' Thoughts: Who Ought To Be the Next President; Who *Will* Be Next if Nominated?

"I am not too fond of any of the candidates, but I think McCain is going to win."- Reilly, Op/Ed

"I think McCain should be next, and I think he will win the election."- Jo, Entertainment

"McCain; McCain...BOO YA!"- Steve, Music

"It's so hard to say who I think should be the next President because Hillary is my hero, Condi is so intelligent and capable, Giuliani was my mayor (and a good one!), and McCain is a model moderate. I guess, in the end, it's a toss-up between Mrs. Clinton and McCain for my favorites, and since I highly doubt that the US is ready for a matriarchy, McCain will likely win."- Tanya, Editor in Chief

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Letter to the Editor Regarding "Smokers are People Too"

To be perfectly clear—I am not out to say what people can and cannot do with *their* bodies. I am not against smokers in any way and I am not attacking the humanity of smokers, "these decisions make us real people" as this article suggests non-smokers do. I would like to point out some logical fallacies that this article bases its somewhat biased arguments around.

To begin with, if a smoker doesn't care about cancer or their own health that is their choice and no one should take that away from them. That being said, others would like to have the choice to have clean lungs, to smell clean air, and to not have to worry about medical complications due to the choices of smokers. This is why smokers are, "forced into smoking section ghettos" as the author notes, because they threaten the health of others. Many smokers understand this and it is insulting to intelligent smokers to imply they do not. " N o one should classify people into groups of good and evil; that is what groups like the Nazis did." This is an outrageous accusation to make, and without proper evidence to back it up, will only hurt an argument. No one is saying smokers are evil, no one is saying that smokers aren't people and no one knows where these ideas came from.

The seventh paragraph begins with a comparison of cigarettes to the Tipson Sandwich. This descends into a textbook slippery-slope fallacy in which everything unhealthy has the same restrictions as cigarettes (I can't enjoy my Tipson outside in the cold…now beer is taxed more...etc.) this ends in "a puritan people ingest many unhealthy things, but they do not force others to do so.

The restrictions are for the benefit of others. When standing outside smoking a cigarette,one should be happy and reflect on how they are doing their non-smoking friends a favor. Non-smokers aren't Nazis. They also don't want to be confrontational and tell you that smoking is a "disturbance," because you should already know that it's disturbing to some; that is why there are laws regarding it.

-A Concerned Student

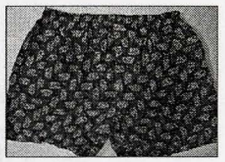
Point/ Counterpoint

Boxer Briefs vs. Boxers: Who's King of Underwear?

Boxer Briefs
By Rob Sentman

Let's face it guys, no self-respecting male past the age of twelve wears tighty whities. The only real choice today is between the roomy, flappy pair of boxers or the neat, orderly presentation of boxer briefs. As everyone knows, it's difficult to find a pair of boxers without cutesy or embarrassing prints on them (hearts come to mind). This can become socially dangerous if your pants happen to drift down (which can be prevented by a snappy pair of suspenders). Or perhaps you become too friendly at a party one night and remove your trousers. Boxer briefs come in plain assortments, and also guard against unnecessary exposure. Most boxers have flaps suitable for a camping tent, letting in breezes, wandering eyes, flying objects, the sort. Boxer briefs are great if you go to the gym, get a little crazy at a party, or if you just like the security of snug fit.

Boxers
By Reilly Joret



Flappy? Cutesy? Socially dangerous? The first one isn't even a word! True, boxers do come in some pretty ridiculous patterns, but every man who's ever been clothes shopping for themselves knows that boxers also come in very classy, sophisticated plaid and striped designs. But this is not a debate about taste. This is a debate about whether a man is ready to graduate from the childish level of briefs to the grown-up world of boxers. Or, does one prefer to fool themselves into thinking that boxer-briefs aren't briefs when in fact they are. If we're honest with ourselves, we can all see that boxer briefs are simply briefs with some extra fabric around the legs. And really, does a little extra fabric change the nature of a pair of underwear? I think not. Mr. Sentman, let's grow up.

Writer's Response to Concerns about "Smokers are People Too":

"I would like to apologize for making false assumptions in my article, "Smokers are People Too." The people who organized the Smoke Out event do not assume smokers to be stupid and are not trying to create tricky ways forcing people to quit. They are simply looking out for the health and safety for Washington College students. I respect the efforts of these people and I hope that they continue in their efforts. My apologies." **-Zach Jones**

Privatizing Our Ports

By James V. Vorhies

A storm has been brewing over the US government's tentative acceptance of a proposal by a private firm to take over operational duties of 6 major US ports on the East coast, specifically the ports of New York and New Jersey; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Baltimore, Maryland; Miami, Florida; and New Orleans, Louisiana. These ports are currently under the operational authority of British-based company Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co. (P&O). However, P&O was recently purchased by another company, so its services were reevaluated to ensure that the new merged company would be able to handle the contract.

The new parent company was reviewed and its ability to maintain the ports was just recently approved, thus clearing the way for the company to begin its new operational authority over the port. Everything was running smoothly and seemed to be essentially finalized but for on problem, the purchasing company is Thunder FZE, a subsidiary of Dubai-based Dubai Ports World.

Dubai is a member country (think Maryland being a member state of the US) of the United Arab Emirates (UAE) and is a key US ally in the War on Terror. But it is also an Arab country and thus many have jumped to the conclusion that it would threaten national security to have a company, which is based there to run the day-to-day operations of these US ports. The media has not helped the situation in its reporting, making no distinction between the company and the country, often saying that the UAE would be in charge of our ports, not an independent business that just happens to be located there.

The entire debate is strange and disturbing and is being fought on grounds with little to no basis. If those calling for the halting of the deal were attacking the practice of privatizing ports in general, than it would be legitimate and even understandable, but this is not what is going on. Or attacking the company's abilities or effectiveness would be appropriate and even smart. But, the debate is being waged over what countries are allowed to do such work and apparently Arab companies need not apply. Would we stand for this sort of behavior an American company were denied a contract by Egypt simply because it was an American company?

Somehow, I doubt it. We use outside contractors and private companies to do many of the duties, which the government once did, this is because in general, the costs are lower and the quality higher. It shouldn't matter where the company is located or the people who run it as long as they are up to the task and operate legally. These contracts are reviewed and approved by governmental organizations also there is still a government presence on site ensuring the private contractors are living up to their obligations, not to mention the Port Authority and Coast Guard.

But maybe we shouldn't allow people of Arab decent or Muslims to work in America because they can't be trusted since all Arabs and Muslims are terrorists, right?

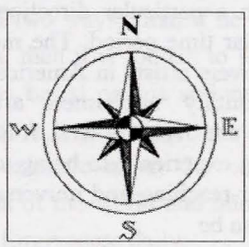
Do you have an opinion on politics, current affairs, pop culture or anything, for that matter?

Are you a cynic who loves to go off on random diatribes which you think should be published?

If you want to express your opinion (and eventually get paid for it), you should write for The Navigator!

E-mail questions, ideas and/or stories to Reilly at

rjoret2@washcoll.edu



It's Bigger Than Hip Hop

By Nick Wright

Today's active Hip-Hop community members seek to spread insight and education about the other misunderstood culture. Many see Hip-Hop as nothing more then senseless violence, drug use and the degradation of woman personified through music and vandalism. The core members of the Hip-Hop community are desperately trying to combat this stereotype many hold in their minds of what Rap and Hip-Hop is. Through festivals, movies, literature, community outreach programs, concerts and now websites, information is becoming more widely available to the public seeking to discover the truth and reality behind the music and lifestyles of artists.

In recent years there has been a veritable flood of new documentaries chronicling the evolution and intricacies of the Hip-Hop community. And no, movies such as 'Friday' or 'Bones' with mainstream rappers blundering about do not count. There is literally a movie or documentary for every aspect of Hip-Hop right now which either tells the history or explains the relevance of it in today's society. The movie 'Scratch' is one of my favorites, which begins with the very first DJ to use the 'scratching' sound in music and continues up through todays most popular and influential DJ's including: DJ Shadow, DJ Q-Bert, DJ Premier, Mix Master Mike and many others you are sure to recognize. It is amazing to see how the art form and styles have evolved over the years and in some cases artists can explain why the culture or art form went in a particular direction at that particular time period. The movie not only covers artists in America but internationally acclaimed artists in Europe and Japan as well. It is an eye-opening experience to being to realize how far-reaching and universal an art form can be

Another film, 'B-Boy Summit 99' is at the top of my charts with two hours of incredible break dancing competitions and battles between international crews. It features the ever-famous Rock Steady Crew and some of their most famous performances and moves are documented on this tape. The Rock Steady Crew often hosts these types of competitions and gatherings to help both spread the knowledge and education of break dancing but also to honor their roots of the culture. Many artists have died over the years by both natural and sometimes violent cause, and gatherings such as this are a time for reflection but also a time for celebration of life and the culture.

Technology has helped to rapidly expand the availability of knowledge about Hip-Hop and its four elements. Through the internet, artists and groups have been able to present information that would have otherwise been widely unavailable or hard to attain and thus increase the potential for the spread of education. Underground artists, which otherwise would not normally receive media or commercial attention, can create websites about upcoming shows, events or just happenings in the Hip-Hop community. Also Graffiti or Break Dancing crews which are often not seen in the spotlight can have their voices heard and valuable knowledge shared. Graffiti artists can have their creations viewed by people all over the world through websites like grafitti.org. This expanding digital universe only helps to reinforce the sense of community and knowledge which true Hip-Hip artists try to embody everyday.

If after reading this article you still feel Rap is just a bunch of violent, self-destructive nonsense, then go online and re-educate yourself with what the culture truly embodies: ingenuity, creatively, expression, education and peace.

Artist Spotlight

Name: KRS-One

Songs: Criminal Minded, I'm Still # 1, Sound of tha Police, Step Into a World, Hush, Underground, 9 Elements, C.I.A. (Criminals in Action), You Don't Really Want it

KRS-One (Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everyone), or Lawrence Parker, is a monumental figurehead in Hip-Hop having been on the scene since 1987 and is still a very active member in the rap community today. Having a unique style mixed between hardcore gangster and socially conscious rap has made him both a popular and sometime controversial artist. KRS-One is very aware of the importance which must be placed on the potential knowledge that can be spread through Hip-Hop and tries to embody the messages he presents. He has created an organization and website called the 'Temple of Hip-Hop'. This organization helps to both educate people about Hip-Hop and to provide insight about upcoming events. The Temple of Hip-Hop also hosts an annual festival which is deemed 'Hip-Hop Appreciation Week' and is always held the second week of May. This year's theme is 'Action' and KRS-One has asked members of the community to consider both their actions and inactions and how they both affect the Hip-Hop community. Themes from the previous years have been: Peace, Charity, Forgiveness, Freedom, and Faith.

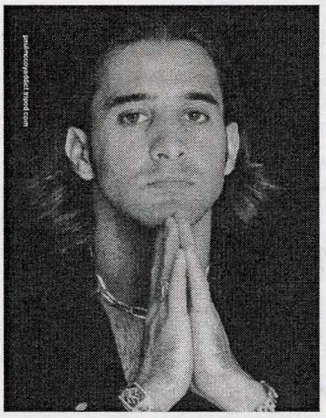
Visit www.templeofhiphop.org for more info

"Be active! Walk more. Exercise more. Speak out more! Think more! But also remember that "inaction" is indeed an action as well. Silence is also an activity. Rest and stillness are also activities. Fasting from food, sex, gossip, war, drugs and the needless spending of money are also "actions". The point is to be conscious of your "actions" this year." - KRS-One

The Christianity of Scott Stapp

By Beth Anne Hartman

Former lead singer of Creed, Scott Stapp, has been plagued by scandals throughout his career. Many fans believed that he had changed his ways, especially after the band broke up and he started his own solo career. Just last week he was married again—this time to Jaclyn Nesheiwat. But even that new beginning seemed to bring out the same old Stapp, as he was arrested just the next day for being intoxicated in public as he tried to board a plane for his honeymoon.



And just when you thought he had reached the pinnacle of stupidity, MSNBC reported on Thursday that a videotape recorded in 1999 with Stapp and Kid Rock "engaging in explicit sexual activity with four female fans on a tour bus" is slated to be released for sale in the near future. This appears to be yet another foolish decision by Stapp in his celebrity career.

Most disturbing for fans and critics alike is that Stapp has made it clear throughout the years that he identifies himself as a born-again Christian. Members of Creed adamantly stated that Creed was not a Christian band, and as Stapp said in an interview with ChristianityToday.com in 2004, "I was a Christian in Creed, but nobody ever asked me. We were only asked if Creed was a Christian band." Since then Stapp has come out and been vocal about his Christianity. He has admitted to mistakes and problems that he made throughout his lifetime, especially as a public figure. And yet he continues to mess up. How do we explain this? From a man that claims to be a Christian, claims to be different, is he just another hypocrite? Another Christian who says the right things when the Christians are watching but lives by his own standards the rest of the time?

Allow me a brief digression for some background on Christianity. Christians believe that every person is created with a sinful nature; that from the time we are born we are separated from God because of sin, and there is nothing that we can do ourselves to restore this relationship. Because of this sin we deserve damnation—eternity in hell—because God who is holy (the word means blameless in the Greek) cannot even look at something sinful because it is imperfect. Out of God's love and mercy He offers grace to humanity. Grace is God's free and unmerited favor. He gave the life of His perfect Son, Jesus, as the substitutionary payment for humanity's sins. In Jesus' death, He took the payment that our sins deserve, and satisfied God's requirement of perfection. In Jesus' resurrection, He showed that sin has been overcome. Christians are those that realize they are imperfect and could never measure up to God's standards, so they accept Christ's sacrifice in their place. Christians are no longer bound by the sinful nature they had from birth; rather they now serve a new master, their Lord and Savior.

> ***"From a man that claims to be a Christian, claims to be different, is he just another hypocrite?"***

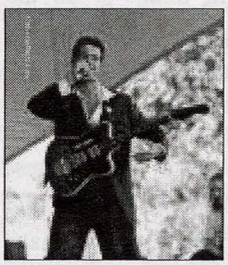
When Scott Stapp said that he was a born-again Christian, this was what he meant. And yet this man appears no different than any other celebrity caught doing stupid things. He claims to be a Christian, to be different, but is there really a difference? In reality, Christianity does not promise or even pretend to offer a perfect life. Christians will still do things wrong, they will still screw up, and they will still let down their adoring fans. This is a fundamental flaw in humanity. Even with the sacrificial gift of Jesus' life, no one is perfect. We still live in a world ravaged by disease, hunger, infidelity, cancer, rape, murder, and MTV. We place celebrities up on a pedestal and expect them to be perfect. But that is impossible, even if someone is a Christian.

I cannot speak for Scott Stapp because I do not know his heart. I only can hear what he says and then look at what he does and make my judgment. He says he is a Christian. It appears that this video incident happened at a time in his life when he was still "running from God" as he said in an interview. That does not excuse what he did, even if at the time he did not think it was wrong. He does have the responsibility to own up to what he has done and look for ways to make it right. In the life of a Christian, there should be an outward change of action, not in every incident and every choice in life, but in an overall change.

Scott Stapp may or may not be a Christian. That is not for me to decide. We must see his life in one of two ways: first, if he is not a Christian, then it is foolish to judge all Christians based on his actions. Second, if he is a Christian, he is simply another example about the continued sinfulness of the world and humanity's need for forgiveness daily.

Upcoming Concerts Worth Checking Out

By Steve Pawlowski



*March 3rd— **G. Love and Special Sauce** at the **Ram's Head, Baltimore***

A must-see for all of you urban collar-poppers. Enjoy the sweet sounds of acoustic guitars blended with cheesy white boy rhymes.

Sounds like: kind of like Jack Johnson with an attitude problem and/or a drinking problem…

*March 4th— **The Chester River Runoff** at the **Prince Theater, Chestertown***

Come out and witness Chestertown's best new jam grass band. Have a great time while supporting local music along with WAC alumni/students.

Sounds like: could be compared to The String Cheese Incident, or Garcia/Grisman/Rice.

*March 10th— **George Clinton and The Parliament Funkadelic** at **The Ram's Head, Baltimore***

Holy mother of God. This is one of the best concerts you will see in your lifetime. This is the best party band of the century (*PCU,* anyone?). I guarantee it will be the most diverse crowd you will ever see at a concert.

Sounds like: Since Clinton is one of the originators of Funk, you might get the idea.

*March 10th— **GZA (Genius)** at **Santa Fe Café, College Park**.*

This is the guy from The Wu Tang Clan who has the most talent. GZA has slick rhymes and good beats.

Sounds like: the guy from The Wu Tang Clan.

*March 20th— **Matisyahu** at **The Ram's Head, Baltimore***

This is mostly interesting reggae, fronted by a rapping rabbi. He can get a little repetitive after 2 hours. Nonetheless, still a worthwhile concert.

Sounds like: for the most part, just throw a yarmulke on Bob Marley.

The Navigator is always looking for more contributors! If you enjoy writing, editing, drawing, or taking pictures, we would love to have you join our staff!

Contact...

rjoret2@washcoll.edu if you are interested in op/ed and contemporary issues

spawlowski2@washcoll.edu if you're into music

jschaeffer2@washcoll.edu to do book reviews, film reviews and all other things arts and leisure

tborukhova2@washcoll.edu with all other questions

Listen Up: CD Review

By Annie Reischmann

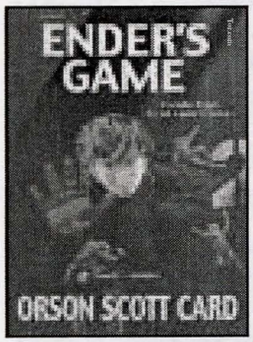
	Sarah Bettens - Scream	Belgian singer/songwriter Sarah Bettens, former front woman of K's Choice, stays true to her former band roots with her first solo album "Scream". Her distinctive hoarse voice pairs with rocking guitars, flows smoothly with sweet pop songs, makes love to the sexy bass line in "Come over here" and breaks with the tender "I'm okay". An outstanding album in honest lyrics and a voice that gets under your skin – Sarah is on her way and proves she can make it without K's Choice.	
	Franz Ferdinand – You could have had it so much better	After their first strike was a huge success all over Europe, Franz Ferdinand had a lot of pressure on them to raise the bar. Unbelievably, they made it – the new record topped all expectations, keeping real to the unique Franz Ferdinand sound with driving guitar riffs and Alex Kapranos' Scottish flavoured singing, but even going a step further. "You could have had it so much better" is meaner (lyrics wise), more danceable and more diverse than the precursor, and "Take me out" found a worthy successor in the first single "Do you want to". All in all just a damn good album that's worth a listen – or two, or a little dance over the caterwalk…	
	A Change of Pace – An offer you can't refuse	Emo bands seem to spring out of the ground like mushrooms nowadays, all sounding and looking the same. One exception that could catch my attention and hold it are the four guys in A Change of Pace from Arizona. At the ages of 16 to 18, these kids have already toured with Senses Fail, a major deal and a freshly released record that may sound a little like the big role model Thursday, but don't they all if they involve singing and screaming? A Change of Pace at least don't seem to feel the urge to cut themselves with razorblades. Try "December" for a start if you want to judge for yourself.	
	We are Scientists – With Love and Squalor	New York based We are Scientists opened for Hot Hot Heat during their last tour, and this is the ground one can settle them on: indie/retro sounds with hook lines that will stick in your head forever ("My body is your body, I won't tell anybody…") and keep your hips moving. Charismatic front man Keith addresses important subjects like getting too drunk to remember, getting over a "Lousy reputation" or the inability of finding the right words – an album written by life with a sound that could turn any lame party into a wild drinking orgy. And I can't forget to mention: the bass player is a real sight. Check them out live.	
	Moleskýne – Sunrise EP	During winter break back in Germany I came across this EP with 7 beautiful acoustic tracks on them. The talented makers are three college students who spent their free time in a basement, writing, recording and mixing everything themselves. The outcome is laid-back acoustic pop with intriguing harmonics and a smack of puppy love lyrics, countered by sophisticated puns in "On the way to Lou's" and the melancholy in "Fold up". An impressive debut of three guitars and voices that would be a shame to go unnoticed.	

Five Books Everyone Should Read

By Bob Jones

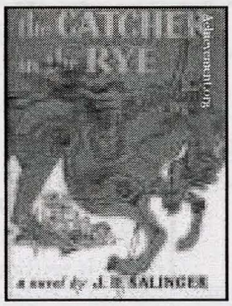
It's getting harder and harder to convince people whether or not you're smart these days. Wearing glasses and a tie simply doesn't cut it anymore. Fortunately, there is still one hobby that distinguishes you from the rest and makes you look like a true intellectual- reading. However, just saying you've read a book (for example, to use the oft-quoted cliché "That was a great movie, but the book was better") still isn't enough. You have to talk about them. Some books are more important and profound than others, too. As proud of your Goosebumps collection you may be, you might want to consider trying out a few other books. In no particular order, here are a few you should think about:

1. Ender's Game by Orson Scott Card

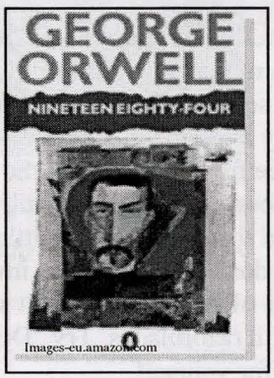


What at first seems like a weird science fiction book about a little boy single-handedly stopping an entire fleet of space aliens, Ender's Game proves to be a worthy book filled with themes of compassion, manipulation, and perseverance. Ender, though he ages throughout the book, is still an incredibly young kid gifted with the kind of prodigal intelligence that comes about once in a blue moon. He is trained and coerced by the military to harness his abilities to put an end to an alien threat for good. What's best about this book isn't the hidden themes, the sci-fi action, or even the weird game which the title draws its name from—it's how easy it is to read this book. It's not long, and it all goes down surprisingly quickly.

2. Catcher in the Rye by J.D. Salinger



Not only is Catcher in the Rye nearly as easy to read as Ender's Game, this is a book with far more renown. Everybody know about Catcher in the Rye, and everybody that read it (even if they read it in high school) loves it. The protagonist is likeable and realistic, the story and narration are interesting; it's simply a good read. What's best about this book, though, is how much there is to talk about it. Since everyone likes it and so much goes on between the covers of the book, you can look as impressive as someone who actually knows what they're talking about.

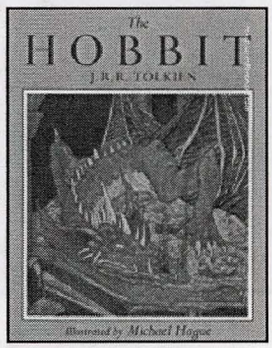


3. 1984 by George Orwell

There are two kinds of people who like this book: the rebellious anti-disestablishment punks responsible for about 75% of all of Hot Topic's sales, and smart people. *Don't be the first kind.* 1984 is a great book, but not because it perfectly summarizes how the government is oppressing you by not letting you grow weed in your parent's basement, but because of the growing number of similarities you can draw. Impress political science majors by comparing Goldstein to Osama bin Laden, if you want, or discuss the similarities between the effects of the Patriot Act and the Thought Police if you so desire. Just don't get too adamantly anti-government yet, at least not without wearing your 40 dollar black leather dog collar.

4. The Hobbit by J.R.R. Tolkien

You don't have to read the actual Lord of the Rings trilogy anymore, now that the movies are out (just remember: always pretend like the book was better, even if you disagree or never read it!), but as of yet they haven't reduced The Hobbit, the prequel to the trilogy, into a two hour special effects extravaganza. The Hobbit stars the guy who first steals the ring from Gollum and thus sets the rest of the trilogy into motion. It's important to read at least one book by Tolkein, seeing as how pretty much every aspect of modern fantasy is somehow related to his original ideas.



5. Moby Dick by Herman Melville

I'm not going to lie to you. Moby Dick is a bitch and a half to read. It's long, confusing, and the narrator sometimes talks in a really weird way. And once you get past the homoerotic vibes certain parts of the book give off, one stifling detail will try its hardest to keep you from finishing it—its *boring*. But despite all this, Moby Dick is one of the few books that will impress people just by finishing it. Lots of people say they've read it, but few people actually have. Find a version that has all the weird, esoteric stuff (like the slang or references he makes) explained to you in footnotes or something—it makes it all easier and gives you a much greater understanding of the book. And if you're really into that intellectual girl at school, talking to her about the undertones of obsession and revenge from Moby Dick will definitely be a step in the right direction.

Tragically Metaphored Film Critic Reviews: Brokeback Mountain

By Will Grofic

This was a beautifully made paper mache volcano. A whole visually stunning island made for this one volcano. The vegetation was dense with meticulously placed pipe cleaners, painted hunter green. The sand on the shore was real sand. The surrounding water, which was painted blue, contained such delicate shades in the waves that the rumpled ocean seemed moving. This volcano, this whole set on the island, was a volcano of old, when volcanoes were untouched by man, making the eruption of baking soda combined with white vinegar stark in comparison. The volcano adhered to the setting, and when the science student put the baking soda in, this could just as easily be Verona. Instead of a volcano distempered by familial and ancient monsoons, we get societal acid rain. The volcano lived through the rain but not without suffering from erosion. Picture a volcano in modern times, the visual would be lost. Many volcanoes live among our present day civilizations and we think nothing of it or our volcanophobes, but an iconoclastic American time, I mean detailed island setting beacons the story into vivid imagery and naturalism. The end result isn't in the movie anymore, but with what you believe would happen now if the scientist put the baking soda and white vinegar together.

Tragically Metaphored about What My Friend Said:

He said the movie would not be a movie without the gay. Good point. Wine would not be wine without the grapes. I'm pretty sure they didn't advertise it as a sheep herding movie.

Tragically Metaphored about Ennis and Jake (Heath Ledger and Jake Gyllenhaal):

(Attention: Spoilers alert, I think. Maybe not.)
The two main characters are a city and a suburb.

The city is gruff and uncommunicative. Either you keep pace with the people on the sidewalks or you get eaten up by the shoulders hitting from in front and behind you. Life goes along just as it always has. The city doesn't say much, its sky rise is hidden in smog, insecure of the rising pollution but ready to hold a press conference every two weeks about air pollution.

The suburbs are the dreamscape. The suburb in this metaphor is not what is made up of manicured and plastic lawns or soccer mom mini-vans. This suburbs is the feeling a kid gets when he can see the cityscape from his front yard and think one day, *I'll be there.*

Tragically Metaphored Inquiring:

Did the Oscar committee give best supporting actor because the suburbs were on the bottom? I think the city and the suburbs shared the same amount of time.

Tragically Metaphored Film Critic gives it: a chocolate milkshake with a diner cheeseburger and a side of social openness.

Specialists Baffled by Recent Outbreak of Disease

By Ben Kozlowski

February is the season for sickness. Aside from the usual outbreaks of cold and the flu, several doctors have also noticed an unnaturally large outbreak of *Icantdoitis* since the freshman reading was announced earlier last semester. Though *Icantdoitis* has been on the rise for years now, this most recent increase seems too pronounced to be a mere coincidence.

Noted psychologist Dr. Hack Fiction, a specialist in the largely-undocumented field of *Icantdoitis*, informed me that the disease has been spreading unchecked for years without any sign of slowing or stopping. Experts are divided as to where the disease originated, but Dr. Fiction believes that the spread is due in large part to the population explosion in the modern school system, and to the alteration in education about the disease. It is wildly contagious, though means of transmission have not yet been identified. Again, there are suspicions, but no irrefutable evidence, and that seems to be part of the problem. "Basically," Dr. Fiction admits, "it's the sort of thing we've been ignoring for years because of all the other things going on in the medical world. It just doesn't seem serious enough, I guess."

Icantdoitis is a characteristic disease of the aspiring artist, especially the writer, though it has been known to affect people of all interests and pursuits.

*(See **Disease** on page 16)*

Gotta Have Faith!

By Faith Paulick

Dear Faith,
After a long weekend with two of my favorite men, I realized that most girls don't bring home two men in the same weekend. I also realized that maybe the number of men I've slept with my whole life is too many. I then began feeling insecure, and I need your advice. How many is too many?
Sincerely,
Over-Exerted

Dear OE,

Dr. George Winch Jr. says, "I don't think women can have too much intercourse...". Dr. Winch knows the deal, and I say take it while you can get it.

I encourage taking every opportunity to snatch a man off the sidewalk and giving him the time of his life. The only problem is college men are rarely any good after one night, (kind of like cheese when not refrigerated), so this is where numbers come in.

Being as we are sexual creatures, clearly we need to have a lot of sexual relations. According to www.forbes.com sex not only feels great, but has some great health benefits such as "improved sense of smell, reduced risk of heart disease, weight loss and overall fitness, reduced depression, pain relief, less frequent colds and flu, better bladder control, better teeth, and [for men] a happier prostate."

Referring back to my earlier comment about how college men aren't as fresh after the first time, (just remember the cheese reference), in my professional opinion the more notches on your bedpost the better. It is the only way to truly take care of your body. It's kind of like taking a vitamin every morning; it benefits your health in the long run to have a good lay every day.

If you are having problems keeping your numbers up, which frequently happens to me, (I have no idea why, I think men are nervous about this Vanilla Thunder they have been hearing about), just advertise your sexual availability to all audiences at the most awkward times possible. This keeps them on their toes and gives them less time to run away.

A good starting point for your advertisement could be as follows, "Single female, age twenty, brown hair blue eyes looking for anything with a penis (or vagina- I almost forgot to be politically correct- that just won't do)." This will catch their attention.

Another favorite of mine is, "I have TV dinners in the fridge for the first man to offer his body to me for one glorious night.." If you could only see the level of intrigue on their faces after this one. Like my mother always said, you can get to a man's penis through his stomach. What would I have done without my mother?

A simple enough tactic to use is, "I somehow stumbled upon a keg and a bowl full of Durex in my room; I need help from a single man finishing the two." Of course the truth will come out about the keg later on, so this should only be used in emergencies.

In all seriousness, no one can put a number on your sex life. If you are having to question the number of people you've been with, then perhaps that says something about how you feel about your weekend with more than one man.

Sex can bring a lot of mixed feelings, and everyone has something different to say about sex. So why should you listen to dozens of different people telling you dozens of different things? Go back to what you believe is important and worry about your feelings. Some people will tell you one partner is one too many, others will tell you that you know nothing about sex until you've hit twenty partners. You simply have to find your happy medium.

Above all, remember that sex can be a good or a bad thing. Women can be raped, and this is an example of when sex is bad. Babies are made to live on our legacies; even though I dislike children, this is supposed to be a time when sex is good. (If you need free birth control pills talk to the Kent County Health Department- 410- 778-1350).

So, with that said, when you decide what is right for you light the candles, get a cheap bottle of champagne, and snag some Durex from Health Services and have yourself a night of endless passion!

-Faith

Need advice on anything from sex to scholastics? Send queries to Faith:

fpaulick2@washcoll.edu

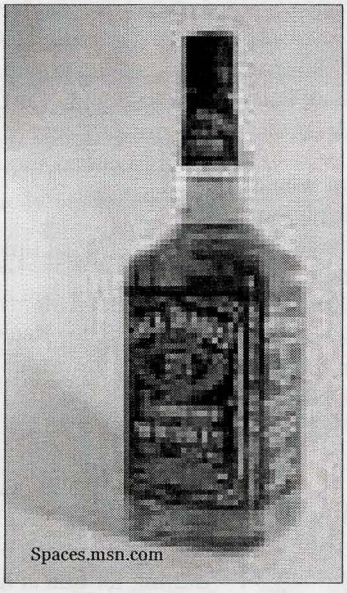
The Drink That Did It

A short story by David Gebler

Johnny Henson could barely finish his drink without regurgitating stomach acid blended with a fair amount of alcohol. Lunch was at noon, and he had only filled half the tank. At this point, he was running on empty. Johnny found his life on the Short Line. Four shots back on Pacific Avenue, his hands started to shake. The glass wobbled on its way up to Johnny; the liquor crashed along the rim, and was contained. He was shaking underneath the dim, blue glow of bar lights and cigarette smoke.

Thick cigarette smoke, too. The kind that makes every breath a hard one; even the French could find peace here. But Johnny didn't care. Didn't care one bit.

Johnny was dressed well for the occasion: The Italian suit his dad had worn as a hard-working, middle-aged dying man: the color was a crimson-brown but had faded and lost its edge. The fish tie from Walmart, wrapped around his neck, topped off with the fancy cologne he got for Christmas, and some kind of hair mousse on top. Too bad at this point he was too tipsy to present himself. Let alone the damp spots, his hair had been hand-mashed many a time over the night, and Johnny had soon forgotten about it. You could have gift wrapped a bicycle and had more success.


Spaces.msn.com

"Not lookin' too good, buddy..."

"No shit," he thought with a sunken heart. His glass was empty. Johnny's eyes started to wander whichever way they pleased, preferably in opposite directions. He started to think about all the obligations he had ignored.

No.

All the obligations he had missed.

No.

The obligations he forgot.

Already, Johnny's mind spun excuses that wouldn't fool anybody; let alone his wife. No matter how stupid he thought she was. His glass was still empty. It was about that time that Johnny decided the bartender was a fat son of a bitch.

"Maybe you should take it easy"

Even his fat voice sounded fat.

"I'll tell you what to do."

"...You aren't driving home, right?"

Johnny had grown tired of giving excuses. And, through practice and heavy drinking, he had learned it was better to say nothing at all. Already Johnny was reaching into his back pocket, searching for his wallet. It took him several seconds to realize it wasn't there. Frustrated, he slapped his hand on the counter.

"Sir..."

"What?"

The bartender was quiet, but his eyes pointed at the problem. The wallet Johnny was looking for was lying on the counter, right about 2 feet away from his hand. He picked it up slowly, feeling awful for being a jerk, feeling awful in general, and pulled out some more money.

"You are one..." Johnny paused for a second. "....downer bartender."

Anywhere else and Johnny would have been cut off from any kind of liquor at this point, but not here. The man behind the counter was a sour lout named Richter, who didn't want to be, wasn't supposed to be, working. He filled up Johnny's bourbon glass without another sound.

Imagine.com

"Actually.... hah.... I wanted the Jose.... with a lime wedge."

The bartender grimaced and reached for the futile drink. Right before his hand got there, Johnny picked it up and chugged it. "But I didn't say I didn't want this one, either! Hah! That's hissssssssss," he forgot what he was saying. "Sssssss...well the point is it was damn'd funny."

"Right..."

Johnny was still laughing. Alcohol always makes the stupid things funny and the funny things incomprehensible.

"Now...about that tequila."

The bartender turned to pour a shot. When he turned back around, Johnny was stumbling toward the door. His wallet still on the counter, but he wouldn't need it anyway.

*(See **Drink**, on next page)*

*(**Disease**, continued from page 13)*

Symptoms of *Icantdoitis* include sweaty palms, unfocused gaze, raised pitch of voice, heavy breathing, depression, and loss of initiative. Stress is also considered a symptom of the disease, but Dr. Fiction, like some of his contemporaries, believes it to be more a cause of the disease than an effect of it. But the true danger lies in what is going on below the surface effects.

"It works kind of like a cancer, but not exactly," Dr. Fiction explains. "The little bugger-things get under your skin and into your brain and wreak all kinds of havoc, but we can't exactly see what, yet." Some have hypothesized that the disease actually shrivels the mind, bringing the crevices of the brain closer together and causing faster communication among the nerves. Although this has often been considered a beneficial effect – Einstein's brain was found to betray this same characteristic – it has the negative side-effect of heightening nerves and causing the mind to think to excess, which Dr. Fiction describes as being "like you can't stop harping on things. It's like when you try to sleep, but you can't because you're thinking too much. Same thing. You want to do something, but you can't, because you're too worried about it." The disease then feeds on the heightened neurological activity, growing bigger and stronger, while simultaneously causing the brain to shrivel further, thus exaggerating the effect. "But the one problem with it is that it can't go on like that forever. Eventually it gets to be too much to handle, and the [disease] collapses on itself." Dr. Fiction explains that *Icantdoitis* is a "double-edged sword," specifically that, "it clears up on its own after a while, which is good, but it's a bear to try to study because it keeps vanishing when you least expect it."

Also, those who are the most likely to have *Icantdoitis* are the least likely to identify and admit it. "I swear I ran into a perfect case on the street – a perfect case!" Dr. Fiction describes, growing almost frenetic. "But when I told them that they had all the symptoms, they just told me that 'it was nothing' and 'they'd be fine in a few days.' It's more serious than anyone knows, and that's just the problem." Dr. Fiction told me that ninety-five percent of the cases of *Icantdoitis* go untreated, though he admits that "I don't quite know where we got that statistic from."

Dr. Fiction advises that people watch for, in addition to the above symptoms, a chronic lack of self-confidence, often manifested in overwhelming modesty bordering on paranoia, as well as a fear of expressing oneself, especially in a group setting or public display. Chronic lethargy and social anxiety have also been sited as possible symptoms. *Icantdoitis* has been known to mature into early stages of *Imnotgoodenoughenza*, especially when coupled with common school or work-related anxiety. If you or someone you know demonstrate these symptoms, contact a friend immediately. In its earliest stages, a simple treatment of an alcohol-based medicine is sufficient to counteract the effects, but prolonged exposure to the disease is often enough to permanently damage self-esteem. *Icantdoitis* is usually undeserved, as those most sensitive to their own self-worth and most aware of their abilities are affected most strongly by the disease. Friends are advised to comfort a known carrier, but to do so with caution, as it is contagious.

As a side note, Dr. Fiction would like to specify that *true-Icantdoitis* is very different from *false-Icantdoitis*, which includes many of the same symptoms, but actually swells the brain rather than shriveling it. To contact him either concerning a prospective patient or a suspicion of your own infection, telephone 1-800-CONFIDE ext. 3253 or e-mail *prog_manager@satisfiedmind.org*.

"You've got to know what you've got before you can do anything with it," Dr. Fiction sagely advises. "And there's no use beating around the bush about it."

*(**Drink**, continued from previous page)*

The two doors of Paco's bar swung wide open, exposing winter: suburban air hit Johnny's lungs like a brick. Breeze off the ice on the concrete let him know damn sure it was cold out, and he wasn't exactly dressed for the part. Age caught up to him, bad shape caught up to him. It was right then that Johnny felt all two-fifty of beer gut pull to the ground.

"How many times do I have to tell you, boss? Right foot, after left foot." Life was going real fast now. Faster than Johnny could tell. Johnny's friend and ride home, Carl, had caught his fall.

"Shhwwutt" was all that Johnny could muster from his dry lips. He was thirsty already.

Johnny is, as they say in the Industry: "Fucking Drunk."

"C'mon now. Knock it off. Get in the car." Johnny found himself in Carl's Chevy Impala for the third time this week. Carl was saying something about calming down as he rounded the engine. Johnny remembered the bottle of Jack that was in the glove compartment and sobered up as best he could. Carl plopped down into the driver's seat with the same smile he always had for Johnny; the Impala balanced out.

"What time is it?"

Carl didn't respond. Johnny couldn't tell. Reality slapped him in the face. He wasn't going anywhere at this point, in the Grand Scheme of things. He had lost his job for the third time in two years and probably wouldn't get another one, especially after the way he exited from the last one. And worse of all, his wife was waiting for him at home.

Johnny's body began to itch. When a dog gets an itch, it doesn't think, it does. Scratches. The crimson-brown fabric rubbed up against his skin, even through the shirt. He turned hot. Johnny felt his mind turn sad and

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bitter. He didn't even want the damn suit. But his wife felt so awful for him. Not being there when his father died.

"Son of a bitch never loved me." That's all Johnny thought, and was hoping he wasn't saying. "He didn't wait for me. He told them to pull the plug. He didn't wait for me." His skin burned. Johnny could have sworn it burned. He put down the window and stuck his head out into the cold winter air as it smashed into his face. Everyone wanted Randy to have Dad's suit, for obvious reasons. But Dana insisted. "John should get that coat" she said. "He didn't even get to say good-bye." Johnny opened the glove compartment and grabbed the bottle. Carl didn't say anything. He drank it straight. He could feel his throat burn in a beautiful kind of way. Everything went away. Johnny was relieved.

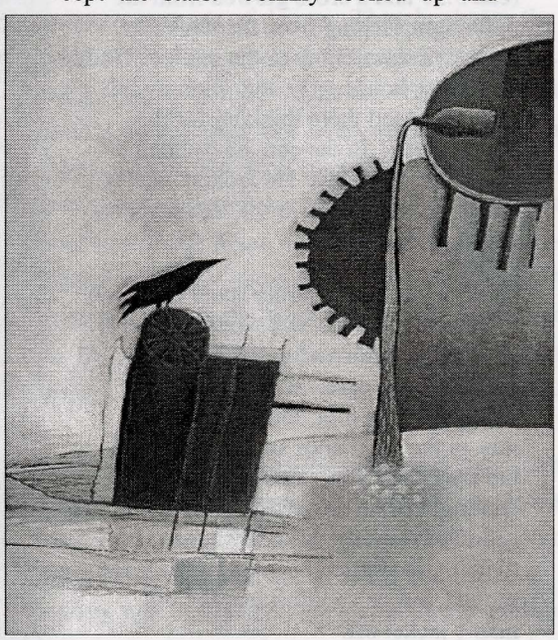
"I don't blame you... life can be hard. Shit man, It's all good though. We can get through this. This is nothing. Right?

"Yeah... yeah, I'm going to be fine." Johnny took another swig. He at least had the ability to put the cap back on and put the bottle back. But that was probably because he was siting down. Luckily for Carl, the ride was short. Otherwise Johnny wouldn't have been able to stomach it.

Johnny was starting to feel thinned out. He probably wasn't going to be "alright," in fact, he was much worse than he led on. His whole life, he had expected more, more, more. But he never got what he wanted, at least that's how Johnny felt. Cheated. Johnny felt cheated. Although he knew it was his own fault, but that usually doesn't matter. No matter where Johnny was he felt sour, guilty, but most of all, spent. He wasn't getting any younger, although he used to believe he was. It wasn't until he turned 30 that he actually realized that aging was inevitable. Johnny wasn't stupid, but there's a big difference between hearing about the monster in the cave and actually meeting it face to face.

He hadn't realized he was still drinking. The bottle hadn't stayed in the compartment long; Johnny never was good at putting a drink down.

Everything was a blur. The streets drove past Johnny in a zooming fashion, and he couldn't quite tell where he was. The world was in motion, except the stars. Johnny looked up and found them ugly.



"You alright? C'mon man, put the drink down."

Johnny was passed the point of responding, but he did put the drink back, half empty. He missed it already.

"I need... a vacation." Probably wasn't far from the truth.

"Not a bad idea, buddy. Where you thinking about going?"

It didn't matter, so he didn't tell him. Johnny's thoughts turned to home, the place he had avoided for the night. The last place on earth he wanted to be. Johnny could barely keep his eyes open, but there was still so much to do. He'd have the rest of his life to sleep, anyway.

The car started to screech a little as Carl brought it to a halt; the breaks had never been very good. Carl turned the ignition and the Impala died. Johnny would have gotten all tense at this point, but the bottle did him good.

"Alright Boss, we're home.... You going to be alright?"

"Sure... I'm going to be fine."

"Good... I understand how you feel... Life is a lot harder now then it used to be. We don't really-" Johnny wasn't listening. He wanted to roll around in the grass and feel young again. He missed most of Carl's speech of friendship, compassion, and whatnot, but at this point, he had heard this one too many times. Johnny felt he was beyond saving. All he wanted to do was lie down underneath the stars and be whole again.

"-You know that right? I want you to tell me that before I leave. At least tell me that."

"I'm fine," Johnny said on cue. His hand slipped down the side of the car door and opened it. "Thanks for the ride... Carl... thanks for everything."

"Don't mention it buddy. You take it easy now." Carl turned back on the ignition and drove off, leaving Johnny alone; he turned around and stared at his house. This was his greatest accomplishment in life. He could barely feel the sole's of his shoes; it felt like his toes were right against the earth, mashing into the frosty grass, and dancing with the earth worms. He wanted to stay there, but the night was still young, and Johnny had a few more things to do before he could dawdle.

Johnny walked to the front door and opened it with little trouble. He knew he wasn't, but he felt sober, at least in spirit. Something else possessed Johnny: he was being led by a greater mission. He was shutting the door behind him when he heard it. His wife was upstairs, and she knew he was home. The hall light above him switched on. Johnny felt she had waited all night for this. He heard her footsteps rally across the floor and downstairs to Johnny. But

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Johnny didn't care. He saw her in coming down the stairs, standing in the hallway, waiting for the brick wall to hit him in the face. She stopped half way down the flight of stairs and stood glaring at him in her brown bathrobe.

"You fucking husband! Who are you? What happened to the man I married? Get the fuck out of this house!" She was louder than normal. The tears were new: wet tissues still in her hands. Johnny couldn't respond. But he could feel it. She was right.

"God-I think I'm going to throw up." The silence grew loud. This was all Johnny wanted now.

"Get out of my house." She turned back around and left him, shouting, "I never want to see you again!"

He felt relieved. He didn't want her sympathy. He didn't want anyone's, but that doesn't mean it wouldn't have helped. Johnny was alone, which proved to be a two edged sword. The light turned back off, and Johnny was in the dark again. Johnny knew what he had to do, what he wanted to do. There was nothing left for him now, no reason to keep on being Johnny. He was done with excuses: it was time for action.

Johnny stumbled toward the kitchen: even drunk, he could travel though his house fairly easy. How many times had he come back from work? How many times had he felt that home wasn't exactly home? Johnny opened up the cupboard and pulled out a bottle of Jim Beam whiskey. It wasn't what he had wanted, but it would do. Johnny twisted off the cap for the first time, lifted up the bottle, and felt the liquor slide down his throat. And there were no breaks or hesitations. Johnny had trained his body to fight its normal response to torment such as this, and not once did he choke or cough. It was either this skill of the fact that his body was so numb at this point, he couldn't feel it anyway. Johnny didn't need air; he needed liquor. The bottle was half way done, and Johnny was eager for the other half. Time went slower than it had been going all night; slower than it had ever gone in his entire life. The seconds it took him to pound down Jim Beam felt like hours, even days. It was the longest action he felt he had ever done. As the deed finished, he lifted the bottle off his lips and thought to himself, 'You always were good to me'. Johnny looked around and stared at the first thing he could make out in the darkness. A clock that read 5:39 and a cross glowed from the moonlight seeping from the windows. He found some irony in the matter: God was a few hours early, too. Johnny felt sick. He stood there thinking for the longest time. In the end, he decided it was better this way. He looked back up and found that it was 5:46. Johnny was wasting time.

He could barely stand now, and he felt that his eyes were getting heavy. His stomach felt awful, but as usual, Johnny didn't care. With the last strength left in him, Johnny made his way to the front door and collapsed on the lawn face first. The soil was welcoming; he had never felt so alive; his heart beat rapidly, his body began to twitch. He wanted his skin to touch the ground, but he couldn't tear the old man's jacket off.

Johnny turned on his back and watched the stars shimmer in the great void called the sky. He felt himself as one: insignificant. The bottle that did it was held to Johnny's chest: the closest companion near him.

Johnny felt about all the obligations he had ignored.

Johnny remembered his children.

Thinking back a few minutes, before the bottle, Johnny decided he wouldn't have done anything different.

Love to Consume Trashy Television?

Just Make Sure *Flavor of Love* Doesn't Leave a Bad Taste in Your Mouth

By Ranjan Cardinal

I'll be the first to admit my guilty pleasure is watching trashy television, including Jerry, Maury, and a number of shows on MTV and VH1. However, the show that whets my appetite for mindless entertainment the most these days is *Flavor of Love*. The premise of this show is no more unique than that of "The Bachelor" or of the plethora of other dating shows already broadcasted. Twenty women move into a mansion, where they compete for the "love" of one man. Each week, the group becomes smaller and smaller until there is only one woman left. But here is the main draw: not only do the lucky ladies get the opportunity to compete for the affection of a wealthy man, but this man is none other than Flavor Flav. For those not familiar with Flav, he was a member of the rap group, Public Enemy, but his most recent claims to fame have been starring in "The Surreal Life 3" and its spin-off "Strange Love".

I could talk on and on about how women are portrayed in the media and use this show as a perfect example. But as long as sex sells everything from soda to ratings, mindless entertainment will continue to dominate and characterize pop culture. The show in nature is misogynistic, propelling the women to objectify themselves in suggestive clothing and behavior. In addition, the majority of the women are ethnic minorities. As a woman of color, this reflects badly on me because it perpetuates negative stereotypes about minority women, especially those of African American

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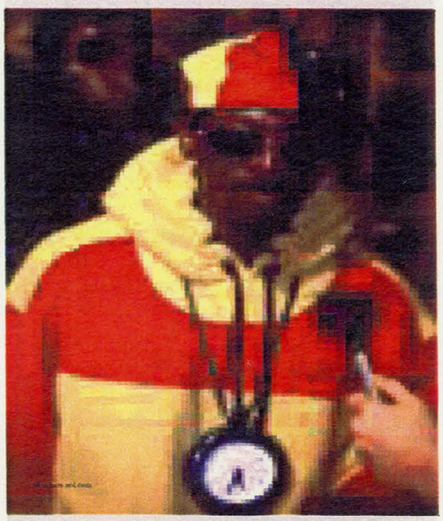
descent. The degradation doesn't stop there though, as a mnemonic device, rather than taking the time and energy to learn these women's names (for after all, they are only competing for his true love and his money) he gives them cutesy nicknames such as Red Oyster, Peaches, Hoops. But who am I to go on a morality tangent when I, in fact, derive amusement from the antics of "Hottie," a woman who served raw



chicken to Flav's mother and tried to pass it off as a vegetarian dish, and from the delusional "New York" who claimed she's in love with him after only a couple of episodes.

Even though the seventh episode will premiere Sunday, the 19th, there's still time to jump on the bandwagon. There will still be three girls to eliminate. Fans and those not previously acquainted with Flav can go to vh1.com and watch exclusive footage and recaps of the shows up to this point. So if you're not easily offended by the stripper-esque antics of the contestants (I'm not busting on strippers, but it is what is) and self-degradation (they really do it to themselves), then tune into VH1 this Sunday at 10 for a good time. And if you don't like it, don't be upset with me, you can't say I didn't give you fair warning.

Totally Obsessed With... *Project Runway*

By Tanya Borukhova

I pride myself on not giving in to trashy reality television (such as exhibit A, directly to the left of this article). Although my friends have sometimes managed to convince me to sit through *Laguna Beach*, and I admit to watching the occasional season premiere of *American Idol*, in general I stick to non-reality programming with at least a minimal level of class (and plot). Then came the denouement of my taste in television; this was the day I discovered *Project Runway*.

The premise of the show is the same as those of a myriad of other shows: it's a competition for "a big dream" under massive amounts of pressure, infused with maximum amounts of drama. There's always the token "angry person" (Zulema), the typical "ridiculous wackjob" (Guadalupe, Diana), the really sweet person (Nick), the "rising star" (Chloe, Daniel, Santino) and the "overly emotional drama queen" (Andre). Just like everywhere else in reality TV, people are exploited, their dreams are crushed, blah blah blah. What drove me to watch *Project Runway*, then? Little else besides my love of fashion. Despite the acutely irritating accent that comes out of host Heidi Klum's mouth, despite the over-exaggerated flamboyance that is the predominantly gay population of the cast, I am drawn to the television every Wednesday night to catch the latest installment of Santino's diatribes and imitations of everyone, Michael Kors' wry commentary, Nina Garcia's rambles about poor execution and Daniel Vosevic's perfectly chiseled visage. But ultimately, the show is about fashion.

Although the assignments and time frames in which the designers are forced to complete projects are both kind of unreasonable (I'm sorry, who the hell would make a dress out of a plant or create a ball gown in under a week's time?), the show forces designers to be quick, sharp and creative. The judging of the clothing creations is pretty fair—Michael Kors is perfect for the job (though Nina Garcia does not appear to know much about fashion and let's not get into what I think of Heidi Klum's capabilities), and luckily the producers of the show have input on the process, as well. Another great thing about the show is the fact that there are cool guest stars and judges: designer great Diane Von Furstenberg, who is one of my idols, socialite Nicky Hilton, skater Sasha Cohen, and others.

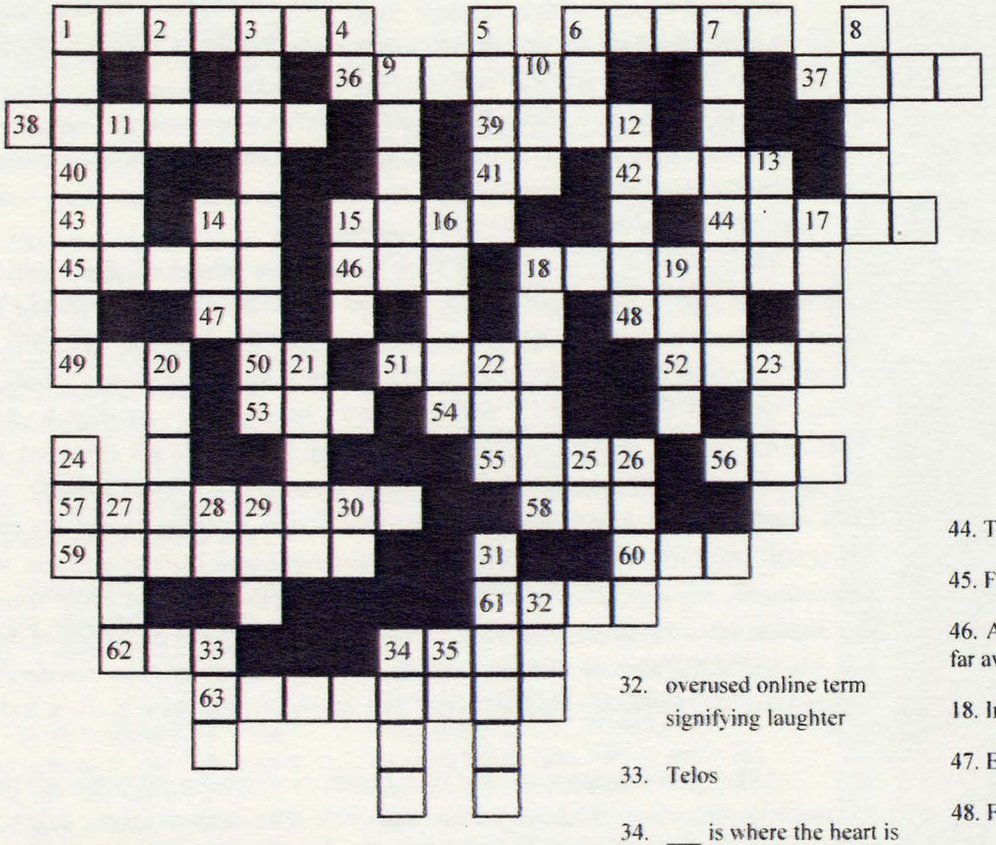
The coolest thing is seeing a whole elaborate project being completed from the drawing board to the runway in the course of an hour. Watching these designers choose cool fabrics, create amazing pieces in hours and cover up last-minute blunders with relative grace is fascinating. Though some designers have no business being on the show because of their lack of tact, reason, edge or talent, others are absolutely fascinating to watch. It might be painful to witness Kara slip by until the Final Three, but ultimately, we know that clean line Chloe, consistently couture-friendly Daniel, and over-embellished, wannabe Picasso Santino all ultimately deserve to be there until the end.

The show is appealing to plenty of other people who have little or no knowledge of the fashion world. From reality TV lovers to people who love cute gay eye candy (and cried when Nick got sent home/ when Daniel confirmed that he was a homosexual), *Project Runway* interests a wide array of viewers.

Though this season is almost over and *Top Chef* is so not going to make up for the loss, we can always look forward to the 2-part season finale and Season 3.

Project Runway airs at 10pm on Wednesdays on Bravo.

Crossword Puzzle #3



Down

1. Cult of personality down a few notches
2. Non-verbal hint
3. Existentialist German philosopher
4. ___ and fro
5. Sport with hookers
6. Water body
7. The Kung Fu Pimp
8. ___ Letterman
9. Jewelry, in the ghetto
10. To cry
11. Aged 13-19
12. Pertaining to the moon
13. To wear
14. To be indebted
15. Crucial for rowing a boat
16. Flower, Yoga position
17. Shrek, for one
18. correspondence in writing
19. Show of hands
20. Hoisting machine
21. Blatant
22. Edge, circumference
23. Desire
24. H20 at a low temp
25. SUB without the U
26. Rich soil
27. Opposite of under
28. Suffix for elder
29. Shriek of displeased surprise
30. New England state
31. Land surrounded by water
32. overused online term signifying laughter
33. Telos
34. ___ is where the heart is
35. Article (part of speech)

Across

1. Rum Flavor
6. Sketchy
36. Triangle type
37. Risqué
38. Hired food provider
39. Aim
40. Regarding, or reply, abbrev
41. Type of gun
42. Not new
43. That is, abbrev
14. Yellow brick road destination
15. Singular
44. Temperamental
45. Falling flakes of ice, plural
46. A long time ___ in a galaxy far, far away
18. In the process of departing
47. Et cetera, abbrev, without the T
48. Fester
49. Bow, parabola
50. "You's a __"- Ludacris song
51. Short
52. Prefix to phone and vision
53. The night before
54. Antonym of stand
55. Jumble, untidiness
56. Remains after fire
57. Save
58. Baseball stat
59. City in Washington
60. Type of dog breed, shortened
61. Incision
62. Road, in France
34. Popular Xbox video game; corona
63. Countrywide

The Navigator

A Beacon of Truth in the Sea of Uncertainty

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On Stereotypes, pg. 6

All About the Oscars!

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Volume 1, Issue 6, March 9th, 2006

The Smokin' Section

What's Hot and What's A Drag

By Jo Schaeffer

St. Patty's Day is quite possibly the coolest holiday ever. There are no presents to buy, no soon-to-be-broken resolutions to stress over, and no sappy-stupid cards to contend with. The holiday, at least for college students in the United States, is a hedonistic display of all things Irish, open to celebration by those of Irish descent, those who wish they were of Irish descent, and those who are of no Irish descent whatsoever but want an excuse to get hammered on green beer and receive kisses from the bonny lads and/or lasses. There are great traditions associated with St. Patrick's Day, but (because I am an incurably wet blanket) there are also a few downers. Check these out:

Smokin'

Obvious choice: Irish alcoholic beverages. Harp, Guinness, Murphy's…the list goes on. Best, however, are Irish coffees (Jameson, coffee, and heavy cream). According to liquor lore, the Irish coffee was invented during World War Two by the head chef at the Foynes catering service inside the Shannon Airport, located in Limerick. The incoming passengers would disembark from a seaplane and then take a boat to the terminal, often in damp and rainy weather, and usually enjoyed a coffee or tea to warm up. The forward-thinking manager of Foynes catering service felt that the passengers might enjoy something a little stronger, and Mr. Joseph Sheridan rose to the occasion- thus, the Irish coffee was born.

Shamrocks. For the ancient Celtic people, these little plants symbolized the rebirth of spring. Today, the shamrock continues to rock hard (and rather suggestively): I saw one recently on a t-shirt at Fashion Bug, prefaced by the words "kiss my." Ach, anytime, ye brazen lassie.

Draggin':

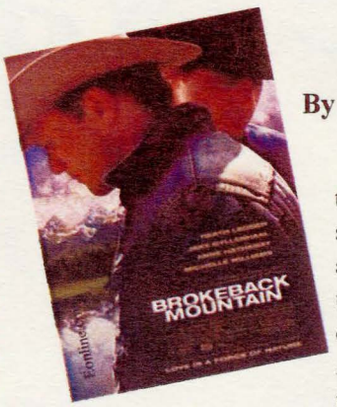
Dyeing the Chicago River green. This tradition began in 1962 when Chicago sanitation workers thought it would be hilarious to dump 100 pounds of vegetable dye into the river. Today, according to religionfacts.com, only 40 pounds of dye are used, to "minimize environmental damage." So from this, we can assume that environmental damage is still taking place, albeit "minimize[d]"? I'm all for the poisoning of livers, but let's draw the line with the environment.

Corned beef and cabbage. This tradition is a phony. Though cabbage has been a staple of the Irish diet for centuries, it was originally bacon that was paired with this delightful vegetable. Corned beef became commonplace only after many Irish immigrated to the US and found they could not afford bacon, and their Jewish neighbors introduced them to the cheaper corned beef.

THE OSCARS

A RECAP

By Leslie Montferret



It's been said that there are enough awards shows in Hollywood for every actor to win at least four statues of one type or another every year. The Academy Awards, however, stand out as the elite awards for anyone within the film business. This year's ceremony was hosted by none other than Jon Stewart, a breath of fresh air to the usually dull ceremony. From the first moment of the show, Stewart made sure to bring his own strain of comedy into the event. Between speeches no one cared about and montages that were notably nostalgic but made the ceremony an hour longer than necessary. Stewart made sure to write sketches that would wake up the audience as well as the television viewers. Such sketches as the lobbyist advertisements for the best actress nominees were not only hilarious, but also brought Stewart's brand of political humor into the show.

One of the biggest shocks of the night was the lack of statuettes earned by the critically acclaimed film *Brokeback Mountain*. Of the eight nominations it received (the most by any film this year), the film took home only three Oscars. Given the controversy surrounding the film, and the pure quality of the movie, all eyes (including mine) were looking at *Brokeback* to sweep the Oscars. Every actor nominated from the film was shut out, which one of the largest surprises of the evening considering the critical acclaim that the performances from Heath Ledger, Jake Gyllenhall, and Michelle Williams received. Ang Lee, however, did take home the Oscar for excellence in directing. *Brokeback* also received awards for best original score and best-adapted screenplay.

The acting categories seemed like a free-for-all in which all the actors in both

*(See **Oscars** on page 13)*

The Navigator

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Hypocrisy in the West's Attempts to Help

By: George M. Connelly, Jr.

As the world turns and we go on with our daily lives, we all too often forget the people who are less fortunate than us, the countries where war has ravaged, killed, and maimed so many, and the commitment that we as human beings / members of the human race have to one another. Just because we may be American and our allies may be Europeans and our countries may be more developed and prosperous than most of the nations on the African continent, we do not have the right to sit idly by and allow further humanitarian crisis to strike an already stricken region of the world. With new developments and support now being turned to the situation in Sudan, after years of pleading from activists, concerned citizens, concerned nations, and concerned international aide organizations, with about 400,000 proclaimed dead to boot, the United States and its allies (NATO) are finally getting involved by sending minimal support, but at least it's support nonetheless.

The inklings of the international system to continue to ignore and pass the buck in other areas of Africa where the humanitarian situation is just as bad or even worse, continues, however, because literally, no one cares and no one is making a stand. Simply supporting elections is not going to solve the problems faced by the citizens and the operating transitional government in the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

Creating a lasting, peaceful settlement between all of the players and actors in the convoluted and increasingly violent situation raging in the DRC is a must before any elections can be held.

It has been nearly 40 years since free and fair elections were held in the DRC. When elections were held, right after the country was granted independence, the meddling of the Cold War ended the democratic future of the country with the CIA-backed assassination of Patrice Lumumba, the original Prime Minister of the country, and the installation of the African version of Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito, Sese Seiko Mobutu. Granted, Mobutu played for the United States, while Tito played for the Soviets; both were still thugs, dictators, and horrible rulers, who were able to keep their respective countries in their death grips until Tito's death and Mobutu's health deprivation and eventual outing in the mid-1990's with the help of the Ugandans and the Rwandans. What would ensue in the DRC would be a proverbial Genie being let out of the bottle. With no figure head in control, ethnicities and political dissidents that had been long suppressed began to riot and demand autonomy, just like in Yugoslavia. As NATO and the developed world rushed to stop things in their "own back yards," they left Africa and the DRC to its own devices. By 2003, the riots would be culled and the people settled back into a working or semi-working society under a transitional government that began to rebuild society. In all the regions violence was suppressed and the people began to become invested in peace, except for the initial region that provided for the original support and staging area for the outing of Mobutu, the Kindu region. This region in the remote northeastern border lands of the DRC has become not only a hold out for the worst of the worst in the DRC, but also for dissidents, particularly members of the Lords Resistance Army (LRA) fleeing Uganda and the once powerful Hutu Power regime and its many genocidaires who inflicted so much pain and anguish on the nation of Rwanda in the Spring and Summer months of 1994.

Since 2003, the world has stood by. A dismal force was established by the United Nations to oversee, verify, and maintain the peace, but nonetheless, a humanitarian crisis looms as the transitional government slowly loses control over the situation in the Kindu region. The world responds by first throwing aid at the situation, hoping that a transitional government which is still working out the kinks and trying to move from an extremely centralized and authoritarian state to a fledgling democracy, can solve the problems it faces from within itself. Now the world is calling for elections to be held in June of this year, again pledging troops and money, none of which will probably be seen by the

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page)

parties being forced to hold elections by third party implementers who think an election means you have a democracy.

Simply having elections does not guarantee you a democracy. Having a democracy that is held together by 15,000 troops from here, a contingent of troops from there, and a gaggle of peace keepers from somewhere else, just to keep your government running and the basic civilian needs fulfilled, is not truly having a democracy. State building takes time. It cannot be done overnight and it cannot be rushed. Third parties and onlookers need to commit fully and stay committed for the long haul if they hope to fix the problems they seek to correct.

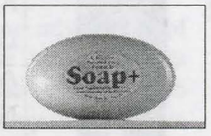
In Sudan, where 400,000 have died, we are just sending logistical support. In the DRC we are sending aid and again logistical support and election monitors. Why aren't we committed to solving their problems? Why isn't another superpower/militarily capable country committed? What is the value of a human life on the world stage? If a person dies in an automobile accident here, of hunger from rebel raids on supplies in the DRC, or from the bullets fired by the government sponsored Junjaweed in the Sudan because of their skin color, isn't one more person dead? One more family put into grief? One more future extinguished?

Why are we involved in Iraq today? Is it because of oil? Are we really there for humanitarian reasons and are we really involving ourselves just because Saddam was a "bad guy" who violently oppressed his people? What about all the other "bad guys" oppressing their people? What about all the other people dying of basic humanitarian needs?

The western world needs to take a cold hard look at itself in the mirror. The hypocrisy of our use of force, the blatant disregard for one human life over another, and the basic instinct of national interest keeps the world from being a safer, happier, nicer, and more peaceful place. Maybe a good, long examination of our behavior will change our policies, maybe it won't, but at least it will get us thinking, it will get some of us motivated, it will get some of us talking, some of us yelling, and some us crying out for a change.

Point/Counterpoint: Bar Soap vs. Body Wash

Bar Soap by Reilly Joret



Bar soap is simple. It is what it is. You need to take a shower, so you grab your bar of soap and a towel, and there you go (don't forget your flip-flops, though). There's no need to hassle with loofahs or bottles, or anything. Simple. Soap doesn't require extras. Just you and water. That's the way it works. We are being forced to feel as if we need more from our showers. That's simply untrue. All we need is to come out of the shower cleaner and better smelling then when we went in.

The explosion in the popularity of body wash is not due to body wash itself, but is simply due to advertising. Soap doesn't have commercials on TV that make promises it can't keep. Soap commercials promise a refreshing shower, while body wash commercials promise orgasmic showers and more casual sex than you could ever possibly have. Why? Obviously, body wash is trying to disguise the fact that it is vastly inferior to its non-liquid counterpart.

Body Wash by Johanna Schaeffer

Bar soap is either absolutely filthy or grossly wasteful. You rub it all over your presumably dirty body, getting grime all over the clean bar. The only way to rectify this problem is to rinse the bar thoroughly, depleting it and, therefore, wasting cleansing product. And even if you rinse the bar, it always ends up mysteriously covered in somebody else's hair. Second, bars are slippery little bastards. Once I dropped a bar of soap in the shower, stepped on it, and crashed, stark naked and soaking wet, through the shower curtain and onto the cold tile floor. Had I been using body wash and a loofah, I would have been able to wash myself without risk of bodily harm.

This brings me to the benefits of using body wash paired, of course, with a good loofah. Some feel that because body wash needs a loofah counterpart to be effective, its worthiness as a cleanser is diminished somehow. But bars need soap dishes (you can't very well put your clean soap directly on the moldy ceramic of the shower). And the loofah allows the bather to exfoliate *and* cleanse simultaneously, rather than merely lathering up like some kind of buttered seal and rinsing off without ridding the body of dead skin and stubborn dirt. There's also an intense amount of pleasure in a shower with a loofah and body wash. Those commercials don't lie: you know the ones, with the throaty-voiced phone-sex woman using words like "exhilarating" and "sensuous" on top of a soundtrack consisting of oh-so-subtle bongo beats. Give me five minutes with my trusty body wash and I'm pounding the shower walls and screaming "herbal essences."

Be Careful What You Watch, It May be True

By: George M. Connelly, Jr.

Stereotypes and generalizations are methods by which we learn. We group things that are the same or alike together and things that are different apart. When, for example, someone says two things that are completely opposite (i.e. Tree and Elephant) we try to find the similarities and differences if not consciously, unconsciously. (Both have trunks, one is an animal the other a plant, etc…)

The media, the press, and the television networks play into these kinds of stereotypes by grouping like things together or putting out characters on their shows that fit the stereotypes. For example, look at ABC's *Desperate Housewives*. Before this season, every family with a Desperate House Wife that was living in suburbia was White (minus the Latino American couple). The Latino Americans were only there because they (the husband) was a drug king pin – a stereotype that many of us, unconsciously may buy into, Latino Americans do drugs, are in gangs and can only get rich by doing so. The handymen that appear around the neighborhood are typically not white. A plumber appearing in this episode is African American, an electrician in the next is Latino American, the pool boy (that one of the wives is cheating with – another stereotype) is Latino American, and the list goes on and on. Granted after the first season, ABC apparently noticed this and a new African American family moved onto the block with an African American desperate house wife for the second season, but not before the stereotypes were reinforced by the original.

Now let's turn to the real issue. Yes, racial stereotyping occurs and I do not mean to downgrade that but stereotyping and generalizing about sexuality also occurs. Homosexuals are often depicted as very flamboyant, fashion-obsessed, man-purse toting men, and overly muscular, fix-it-yourself, sporty women on TV. Don't believe me? Look back on the TV shows you commonly watch and reflect.

Let's start with one of the crazes on TV, *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy*. Yes, the show has good tips on fashion, decorating, and much, much more, but it also plays into the hands of everyone and anyone who wants to make assumptions and stereotypes about gay men. Not all gay men are fashion-obsessed/interior decorating-obsessed, size twos. (Although, some of us are/wish we were.) Another example is *Will and Grace*. Jack, for example, is the perfect gay New Yorker. He likes to work out at the gym, hook up with whomever, whenever he pleases, and is a starving artist/actor who has a drunken and rich fag hag who is always willing to bail him out of jams (Karen). *Will and Grace* even broaches the subject of lesbianism, when Jack discovers his son is being raised by a one (Guest Star – Rosie O'Donnell). Jack, not believing she is lesbian, simply takes it after she says the magic words – "Home Depot."

Another show that pushes the envelope and looks at homosexuality is *Queer as Folk*. This HBO show that has since gone off the air was provocative in all that it showed and was a little risqué, as well. It had its highlights and its own stereotypes, too. Again, all gay men are promiscuous – the majority of the gay men on the show belong to a sex club... It also featured a women's softball team – many members of which were lesbians.

These stereotypes, albeit some are true and some do show up from time to time, do not mean that all homosexuals are the same, just like not all African Americans, nor are all Latino Americans, or Asian Americans, or Native Americans, the same. We are all individuals. Yes, some of us share the same likes, the same dislikes, and the same neutralities but that does not make us all evil, all bad, or all perfect and all good for any reason. The vast ethnic, social, and just plain everyday differences that are ingrained and learned in our population are what make the United States the United States. They are what give us our melting pot effect and are what makes our country one of the best in the world. We are stronger because of our differences, not weaker. We are better because of them; we should learn as a country to cherish and rely on them, and not to find the faults and fallacies within each difference and exploit them.

Does the Port Controversy Convey Racist Tendencies Toward Muslims?

By Bob Jones

One of the strongest weapons in George Orwell's 1984 was propaganda. Party members are expected to demonize the archetypical government antagonist, a man called Goldstein, during a daily ritual known as the "two minutes hate." People scream and throw books, as Goldstein and his organization, the Brotherhood, are vilified on a large theater screen.

Most fans of 1984 treat it as a prophecy of things to come; though the date in which the book draws its title has long passed, admirers nonetheless adamantly believe that Orwell's work is still not one to be taken lightly. It is not difficult to see the world of 1984 in the future, right? Where one day we do experience our own version of the two minutes hate?

I'm going to discuss current events right now. Try to keep up.

There is currently a bit of controversy over some American ports being bought by the United Arab Emirates. I'm sure many of you know about it; after all, Jon Stewart *did* discuss it on the Daily Show (where would we be without Comedy Central to let us know what to think about politics?), but believe it or not, there's a little bit more to this situation than jokes about Bush's ignorance.

The big debate, at the very core of it all, is whether or not we should be worried about Dubai owning American ports. Numbers tend to get thrown about pretty easily, like the percentage of unchecked cargo, and everybody gets up in arms about it. We're presented facts about terrorists and the like, and everybody is just all-around concerned that we're opening ourselves for another attack.

Anybody ever watch CNN with somebody really passionate about politics? Whenever I'm with someone like that, and this whole "port scandal" thing comes up, they go off on a rant. Whether they're Democrats (i.e., WAC students) or Republicans (i.e. Adults), and whether they blame the Bush administration or the laissez-faire system, the ultimate antagonist in this situation always boils down to the United Arab Emirates. Can you guess why? Here's a hint: the word *Arab.*

It's kind of racist, really, but the whole issue boils down to a matter of distrust against the Middle Eastern society. This is after a war in Afghanistan, during a war in Iraq, and before a war in Iran (and you guys can quote me on that one in a few years). All of these countries are from the Middle Eastern area.

See where I'm going with this? Let's recap just to be sure:

Right now, America has a bunch of enemies, for whatever reason, all of which reside in one area. There are some differences between them all, but as far as the average American is concerned, a Muslim is a Muslim. The most important aspect of a war is public support, of course, and after 9/11 it was very easy to garner. The enemy is still the same, but support is quickly dwindling. So this whole port dilemma gets brought up.

Quite frankly it doesn't matter what the Bush administration says or believes—the media is doing all the work for them. Simply by hosting debates over whether or not this is an issue of national security, doubt is raised among the thousands of people watching the news. The bottom line reaches nationwide: Muslims are gaining access to our country.

This whole ordeal should really be a non-issue. It's ridiculous how much attention it's getting. But as long as the question of national security can be raised, the Muslim world can continue to be viewed in a xenophobic light. When we go to war to "liberate" another Middle Eastern country (and while we're over there, maybe pick up a little oil?), the enemies can still be the evil terrorists they've always been.

The next time you see reports of this whole port scandal on the news (I suppose the Daily Show can count too), make sure to violently scream at the godless bastards on the TV. Throw a book or something, too. After all, so much effort has been put into all of this meaningless hatred, why not spare two minutes of your day on it?

What do YOU think about this port ownership situation?

Send your thoughts to rjoret2

Or navi_editor@washcoll.edu

Have an opinion that you would like to share?

Email your questions or submissions to Reilly Joret

rjoret2@washcoll.edu

Is There Hope for Hollywood?

By Tanya Borukhova

I am no culture expert, but I like to think that my opinions on cinema, modern art and music are at least relatively valid due to my diverse and acculturating upbringing. Since I was old enough to walk, my parents dragged me to concerts, operas, ballets, plays and art exhibits in Moscow. When we moved to the States, this semi-torturous process continued, and by the end I started to enjoy foreign films and avant-garde paintings at the Met. Unfortunately, a hypercritical (and maybe Eurocentric) perception of modern art and media was a serious by-product of my learning experiences.

So, after being force-fed Fassbinder, Trufaut and sardonic Russian films for 21 years, I have been taught to look at mainstream American cinema with a skeptical eye.

I will spare you my diatribe regarding my thoughts on teen comedies and typical formulaic Hollywood films. Such fluff should be regarded and enjoyed on a completely different level than movies with creative plots and approaches. Instead, I'll base the critique on films and actors affiliated with the Academy Awards.

Out of all of the movies of the year, the Oscars showcase the crème-de-la-crème, from the blockbuster fantasy flicks to the heavy dramas to everything else in between. In earlier decades, we have seen a slew of landmark winning performances: Sir Laurence Olivier in *Hamlet* (1948), Charlton Heston in *Ben-Her* (1959), Gregory Peck in *To Kill a Mockingbird* (1962), Marlon Brando in *The Godfather* (1972), Jack Nicholson in *One Flew Over a Cuckoo's Nest* (1975), Dustin Hoffman in *Kramer vs. Kramer* (1979), Ben Kingsley in *Gandhi* (1982) etc by the gents; Liz Taylor in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (1966), Katharine Hepburn in *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* (1967), Liza Minelli in *Cabaret* (1972), Faye Dunaway in *Network* (1976), Meryl Streep in *Sophie's Choice* (1982) etc by the ladies.

Why were these performances (and the films they were in) so amazing? Were there better acting coaches in the early 20th century? Was it the classic beauty or demure presentation of the women; the "man's man" confidence of the men? Was it the stage-like and poignant acting? The dramatic music? Better plots? No cheese? Who knows what all the factors were which went into creating these beautiful pieces of cinematic art; in the end everything added up to well-deserved Oscar statuettes.

The 1990s look like a transitional decade in terms of what the Academy saw as exceptional: Tom Hanks received two consecutive awards: one for *Philadeliphia* (1993) and another for *Forrest Gump* (1994). Although both films and performances were undoubtedly outstanding, even here we can see a difference in plot formula: the former film focusing on a controversial, painful contemporary topic (no cheese), while the latter, despite its heart-warming tale spanning the idyllic decades of American history, has Hollywood semi-cheese written all over it. As for Best Picture, the decade goes from *Schindler's List* (1993) to *Titanic* (1997). I find that almost offensive. It gets even worse when we examine the nominees. *The Full Monty* (1997) was highly sub-par at best. *Babe* (1995) was a precious movie, but was it really worth an Oscar nomination?

That decade really showed the decline of standards, talent, and creativity in the film industry, provoking more lackluster creations. I wanted to cry when *Gladiator* won Best Picture in 2000, and a year later when *Moulin Rouge*, the tepid attempt at a musical got a nod for the coveted category. The nominations which surfaced over the last couple of years had also been less than stellar. What has the Academy been thinking?

Just as I was about to lose total faith in American cinema, a batch of decently directed/produced/written/acted movies came out—with creativity to boot. From Spielberg's hard-hitting *Munich* to the focus on homosexuals in *Brokeback* and *Capote*, the industry appears to have made a progressive J-curve in its accomplishments. George Clooney really stood up to the plate with the politically charged *Syriana* and *Good Night and Good Luck*, earning the reputation of respectable actor, writer, director and political renegade. Although it is difficult to compare the mainstream A-lister to the works of Hoffman, Brando or Nicholson, he has really progressed into the cinematic foreground à la Tom Hanks or Clint Eastwood.

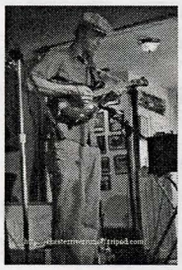
From the broader perspective, the seriousness (and non-glitziness) of the subject matter covered in a good chunk of the latest films gives us hope that Hollywood will continue making a turnaround. Maybe directors will stop casting ditzy mediocre, top-heavy actresses and picking up bad scripts with predictable, irritating plots. Maybe other mainstream A-listers will follow the footsteps of Clooney and help Hollywood raise the bar on good acting and good films (and promote some social awareness). Maybe the filmmakers can take some cues from Europe—or, even better, from early classic Hollywood itself when finding out what makes a good film.

Let's hope that the audiences will appreciate this trend, as well. So far it's not looking so hot because the Oscars lost 10 per cent of its audience this year (cnn.com). However, Hollywood seems to direct what is trendy, from food (chai lattes and soy) to fashion (duh) to religion (ugh, fake Kabala bracelets and scientology) to political action (could they send any more actors overseas to promote peace and diplomacy?), so maybe the coolest fad ever will be making and appreciating good movies...

(Academy Award winner information from http://awardsdatabase.oscars.org.)

A "Special" Type of Runoff: Chestertown's Favorite Jam-grass Band Plays at The Prince Theater

By Julie Converse



One of Chestertown's favorite acts, Chester River Runoff, stepped into the spotlight this weekend, beginning with a radio appearance on 1530AM on Friday afternoon, and ending climactically on Saturday night at the Prince Theatre. My sympathies are with everyone who missed this show. Appearing with guests Special Ed and the Shortbus, it was a "newgrass" show of the highest caliber.

The crowd was perhaps awestruck when Special Ed hit the stage, utilizing instruments ranging from the traditional upright bass, mandolin, fiddle, banjos and guitar to kazoos and Adam's apple-wiggling vocals. Zappa would have been proud. But after adjusting to this nutty collection of fantastic musicians and hilarious performers, the audience loosened up and joined the fun. Hailing from Richmond, VA, Special Ed exhibited a variety of styles, including your typical mountain bluegrass stomp-fest to jaunty honky-tonk and upbeat jugband. They proved that humor truly does belong in music.

For anyone who has never experienced the Runoff, it's an act not to be missed. Their enthusiasm is contagious as they launch into traditionals, and originals that are extremely hard not to dance to. With Tim Parent on mandolin, Ben Armiger on guitar, Sam Guthridge on banjo, and Ian Trusheim on electric bass, they're tight-sounding and musically articulate. They have great communication and interesting musical conversations with each other, and their playfulness and honesty accompanies their identities as young, yet mature musicians. They kicked off the first set with "Freightliner" and "Doin' My Time," and played favorite originals like "Pumpkin Planter," "Blind Goose," and "Speed Limit," ending with "C-town," to which the audience sang along with abounding gusto.

The show progressed as an alternation between bands. After the Runoff played a set, Special Ed came back for another even crazier set. The Runoff came back one last time, as their "alter-ego," the Turkey Vultures, during which Parent and Guthridge switched to electric guitars, and played in more of a rock'n'roll mood. They also introduced Trusheim's father, Dale Trusheim on drums. Ian's shirt advertised his father's old band, Cowboy Jazz, a locally-based yet widely-toured band that Ian said has greatly inspired his musical ambitions.

By the end of the night, the musical high was palpable as the generation-sprawled audience reluctantly left the dance floor.

It's Bigger Than Hip Hop

By Nick Wright

I had previously touched on the attempts of affluent hip-hop artists to spread the information and essence of the industry to a wider population and last week this movement took another large step forward. The Smithsonian Institution's National History Museum in Washington announced that an exhibit dedicated to the history and progression of hip-hop. The exhibit will be called "Hip-Hop Won't Stop: The Beat, the Rhymes, the Life" and will feature memorabilia from famous artists, multimedia exhibits and oral histories. Although still in the early stages of planning and several years away from completion, the director of the museum says the project was begun months ago with seed money from both Universal Records and prominent artists interested in its creation. Although there has been some initial expression of concern that putting hip-hop in a museum would cause the culture to lose its power and novelty, most of the artists agree that hip-hop is something that has evolved in America throughout the years and deserves its due respect and place in history. Some of the contributors to the exhibit include the ever-famous Afrika Bambaataa, Grandmaster Flash, Russell Simmons, DJ Kool Herc, and the break-dancer Crazy Legs. Some have given up some of their most prized possessions such as T-Shirts, boom boxes, vinyl albums, handwritten lyrics and turntables, yet they are considered a small price to pay for the recognition of the culture. In Afrika Bambaataa's words, "Brothers and sisters, this is beautiful that the Smithsonian Institution is recognizing hip-hop culture for what it is."

On another completely separate topic, I was disturbed the other day when a friend of mine made the bold and general claim that 'white boys just don't know how to rap'. While the white rappers are less known and less prominent, they still exist and certainly do 'know how to rap.' Three of my personal favorites include 'Jedi Mind Tricks', 'Atmosphere' and 'Non Phixion'. These groups have made a name for themselves in the underground arena through solid beats and lyrics in addition to incredible live performances. I know everyone thinks of 'Eminem' when they hear 'white rappers' but my wish is to expose you to some of the more talented and less mainstream artists than this. These arguments and ideas will be touched on more in depth in the next issue of the Navigator, but let me assure you for now that white boys CAN rap.

Another Show Review: Belle and Sebastian

By Will Grofic

Waiting in line with people going to see two indie rock foreign bands, The New Pornographers and Belle and Sebastian, meant you scrutinize music acutely, probably as harshly as everyone was side-glancing everyone else to judge the hipster percentage they have over each other. Me? I was just happy I picked The Electric Factory instead of 930 club. First reason: seeing the Wu Tang Clan at the 930 Club on February 13th already changed my life. It's all still a blur.

Second: the 930 Club advertised the back to back shows of Belle and Sebastian by saying "Get ready, all you Seth Cohens" which seems like an intrinsic contradiction because a person like Seth Cohen, who's the comic relief and eccentric comic book geek of a school of preppy friends, wouldn't know who Seth Cohen was from the teen drama *The OC*, a show that had the best "drunken rock climbing while steadily carrying a fifth in his armpits and not falling…until he jumps and kills himself" scene. In principle, the character wouldn't know the show the character was in because Seth wouldn't watch *The OC*. All in all, a weird marketing strategy.

So I found myself at The Electric Factory. The Electric Factory has balcony seating for the 21-older crowd; the ground has standing room only. I went to the balcony because the majority of this music wasn't going to be melancholy and melodic, and I'm 5''8. The upstairs has plush bar stools, and the waitresses are proficient with your drinks. An affable waitress told me that a beer is the same currency as a rail mixed drink so your best bet is a cocktail. The best seats seemed to be the ones in the far back, where the band is facing you. This may be the farthest seating area from the stage, but the clarity of vision is amazing with three elevated sections and aforementioned bar stools and ubiquitously patrolling waitresses. I got there an hour before the show to soak up the spirits of the crowd and the bar. At 8:35, the New Pornographers came out.

A.C. Newman, front man of New Pornographers, came out without founding members Dan Bejar and Neko Case but rocked up-tempo power pop for a consistent hour, playing songs from each of the New Porn's three albums. Dan Bejar is getting ready to tour with his band, Destroyer, and Neko Case is touring for her next solo album. A.C. Newman started the show with the Twin Cinema adrenaline IV's of "Twin Cinema" and "Use It." "Use It" was just as infectiously saccharine-sweet live and was a perfect second song to jump to up-tempo warp speed. They never looked back. The Neko Case replacement, Kathryn Calder, did an amazing job with "Letters to an Occupant," an old New Porn song from their first CD . Her voice was mellifluous and shrilling, pinpointing her inner Neko but not trying to outdo the original.

You could sense Newman's ecstatic approval for Calder's staunch duplicate as they both smiled at each other during the bridge of the song when Calder echoed "the song, the song, the song that's shaking me." Some noteworthy songs were Twin Cinema's "The Bleeding Heart Show" and "The Jessica Numbers," which were both perfectly transferred from album to stage. From the Electric Version, they played the bumble gum "All For Swinging You Around" and the infallible "Laws that Changed." The unrelenting pace they set could only chemically keep the audience at such an adrenalined frenzy for an hour; a short set was needed. They flowed seamlessly through Mass Romantics, Electric Version, and Twin Cinema, forming an amalgam of all their great songs of toothsome delight. Next would be the mighty headliners, Belle and Sebastian

Quick backstory. In high school, I saw a woman breast feeding a tiger, a plushly stuffed toy tiger, on the wall of a music store. It was at a listening station in between my SAT Prep class; it was exactly the visual humor I needed after learning math "tricks" to avoid "failing" in said section. They were Belle and Sebastian, and their album was entitled Tigermilk. I picked up the linear notes and put on the headphones and was transported to a Scottish meadow. From that point on, anytime I needed a soundtrack to a lazy Sunday, Belle and Sebastian was the obvious headliner.

This past Saturday night, though, they headlined, pushing a more rocking album than ever in the past. As frontman Stuart Murdoch came onto the stage, I was reminded of the kind of skinny musical and lyrical genius that Thome York exudes. Of course, that analogy would only work if Thome York kept making albums like the Bends, but Stuart gave off that great, scrawny European vibe. Before the third song, he took a break to ask a man in front how he got his lively shiner, a huge black eye that Murdoch said was the best he had seen all tour. My reason for the York comparison was Belle and Sebastian's new album, The Life Pursuit, is a more rock and rougher album then their usual melancholic café narratives.

I readied myself for hearing them play the whole album from start to finish but was pleasantly surprised when they started with a slew of old B&S including "Losing It," "My Wandering Days Are Over," and the pre-Postal Service ditty "Electronic Renaissance." They surprised me with playing B-Side "Dog on Wheels" that has the trumpets you find yourself whistling to for a fortnight and more. Another B-Side, "Slow Graffiti," grew into a swell of a song. Playing a lot of older songs required B&S to slow down the pace, which was a little jarring after the pixie stix chug of the New Pornographers. It worked itself out with time as the Life Pursuit new songs like "The Blues are Still Blue" interspersed with ascending more up tempo fan favorites like "I'm a Cuckoo" and "Me and the Major." They ended their regular set with bringing up someone from the crowd to help sing "Judy and the Dream of Horses." The woman's name was Danisha, she knew all the words, and that was the moment the whole crowd erupted with moral support for our fellow aficionado. As the pace picked up, Danisha stayed right in step with Murdoch.

(Continued on page 12)

And Ever it Echoed Back: Music Reviews

By Will Bruce

Blood On The Wall – Awesomer

Blood On The Wall is a band you can trust. They're 35 or over, tired, lonely, and fed up – they're not trying to pawn anything off on you. Their music is the sound of a worn out factory worker looking up from his whiskey with a wry grin at a sarcastic remark – early Rolling Stones dragged by its hair through punk and lo-fi that still smiles with clenched teeth after every punch to the face. The main strength of Blood On The Wall's sound is their ability to take bright, catchy riffs and pummel them into a loping locked in rhythm, conveying despair that doesn't give in, but instead raises its head and pumps its fist. As the album goes along, the band surprises over and over again, pulling out pianos, sparkling acoustic guitar, and female vocals to accompany the rest of its over-clocked drunken blues attack. The only things holding this album back from even greater things are the fact that a few songs could use an extra hook or two to seal the deal, and the complete misstep "Mary Susan" around mid-album. The shortcomings, however, are far outweighed by the good. A great debut.

Mylo – Destroy Rock and Roll

Destroy Rock and Roll has been out in the UK for a little over a year, but it just got US release. I don't know that the title of the album is appropriate for its contents, but its contents are worthy of a listen despite its mislabeling. Mylo's music sounds like Daft Punk lite mixed together with Night at the Roxbury and then run through an IDM-conscious beauty parlor getting its nails and hair done. One thing that is hard to judge when listening to dance music, especially music as cheesy synth pad laden as Mylo's, is the self-awareness of the artist. I would argue that it matters whether or not the artist is willfully choosing wide-eyed schlock with a shrug to the sneering critic because, let's face it, when you let go of your pride it's pure bliss, or whether he takes himself completely seriously, in which case the only place his music deserves to be heard is on *ULTIMATE TRANCE DANCE PARTY CRASHERZ ANTHEMZ #7!!!*

Mylo's melodic and rhythmic ideas are original enough that I place him in the former category. His songs have choruses, bridges, verses – things that a lot of dance music lacks. Oh and also… there's the flawless single "Muscle Car"… Lyrics (breathy female voice): "Well.. Oiled.. is what you are… Cmon… and ride.. in mah muscle car.." intoned over a glistening blanket of sweaty filtered bass and pulsing synth = dance bliss… if you can get over the fact that you are dancing to completely ridiculous music. And I think Mylo has. Ignore a few of the blah blah slow jams, and this album has got a good thing going.

Panic! At The Disco— A Fever You Can't Sweat Out

If Mylo is an artist who gets away with cheese because he purveys it with a shrug and a knowing grin, then Panic! At The Disco is his arrogant captain of the football team older brother who constantly puts him in headlocks and slams him into the wall while checking out his hair in the mirror. The only difference is that instead of being muscular and good at sports, Panic! At The Disco are a collective of skinny prancing emo-dorks unable to come up with any sort of lasting riff, beat, bass-line, lyric, or even an interesting voice, all while sneering down at us for not dancing enough.

Man, they piss me off. Every new 'dance-punk' band has some sort of gimmick that their label wants us to believe makes them special. In this case it's… what, what is it? I can't even tell. That they, unlike other crappy emo bands before them, have discovered the 101 preprogrammed rhythms that came with their Casio and have unleashed them for the greater good of Myspace? Screw that, man. The only way you would find this music innovative is if you spend all of your time in front of a mirror finding new ways to look skinny and alone. Let's examine some lyrics. Actually, I don't even feel like re-printing them, so let's just look at song titles. *The Only Difference Between Martyrdom and Suicide Is Press Coverage.* Yes, yes, I, too have a book of meaningless pithy one-liners. It's called *I'm 22 But I Still Cry About The Time Those Jerks Beat Me Up in 9th Grade…* perhaps you've read it? Next up: *London Beckoned Songs About Money Written By Machines.* Watch me go – okay… *Australia Dances Like A Robotic Ocean and Sleeps On A Bed Of Knives and Broken Hearts.* We could write these headlines all day long and they would still mean nothing. Much like this album. The end.

(Continued on next page)

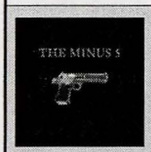
And Ever it Echoed Back: Music Reviews, Continued

Akron / Family & Angels of Light – S/T

Young God labelmates Akron/Family and Angels of Light team up to release an album without an easy answer. This is due in part to the band's respective histories – Akron/Family appeared out of nowhere in New York in 2002 with an album full of Beatles-esque hooks, freejazz punk explosions, and beautiful folk, and have maintained a mystique that includes a rumor that they all belong to a religion they made up themselves called AK. Angels of Light is a loose collective of up to 10 musicians headed up by the former Swans (bizarre late 80's Sonic Youth inspired dark and chaotic noise band) front man, who has since left his troubled past behind and started writing relaxed and beautiful acoustic folk, yet still incorporating industrial noise artists into his rotating group of musicians. It is not odd, then, that is album constantly swerves off into bizarre fully formed and realized genre shifts without any transition.

The album opens with slow burning minor key droner Awake. This crashes without any sort of transition into a destructive whirlwind of instrumental noise, which goes on for about 50 seconds before locking straight into a fantastic shout out loud shuffling blues and harmonics anthem which climaxes with the entire band shouting out its worries for 2 minutes… then something else happens, and a classic rock blues riff comes in before the whole thing settles on acoustic strumming and bright little riffs with Beatles harmonies and trading vocal parts for the last 50 seconds. The next song opens with relaxed honey guitar chords, xylophone, and what sounds like accordion?

The rest of the album continues in like, never settling, picking up a fantastic cover of Bob Dylan's *I Pity The Poor Immigrant* on the way, and refuses to go quietly, ending on what seems to be a standard sad blues song until it transforms into a swirling ritualistic tri-chord stomp out complete with chanted tribal phrases. Listening to this album is like going on an interstellar journey through a palette of every emotion – you could lay on your bed with your eyes closed and listen to the whole thing through without getting bored once. Exceptional.



The Minus 5 – The Minus 5 (The Gun Album)

All star team band The Minus 5 comes of age on their newest album with contributions from Jeff Tweedy of Wilco and members of R.E.M. Solid lyrics that tell interesting and sarcastic stories carry both slowly drunken ballads and storming blues rock numbers to heights never before realized – this is a collective side project slowly becoming something more as its members become more sure of themselves. Stand out *Aw Shit Man* rumbles along like a pick up truck on a bumpy dirt road that speaks of a man struggling against repeated infidelity. Although some songs still fall flat, this is easily their most accomplished and engaging album to date. They've been around since 1992, but with this self titled release, The Minus 5 becomes a band to watch.

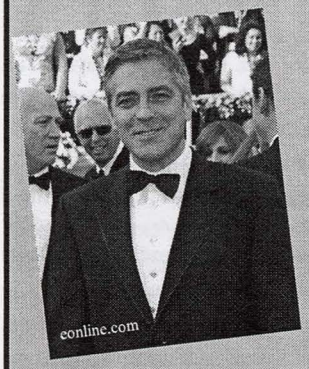
(Continued from pg. 10)

It was When they came back on for an encore, their last last song was built up from the quirky whirling sound affects I knew too well. It was "Sleep Around the Clock" from their album Boy With an Arab Strap.

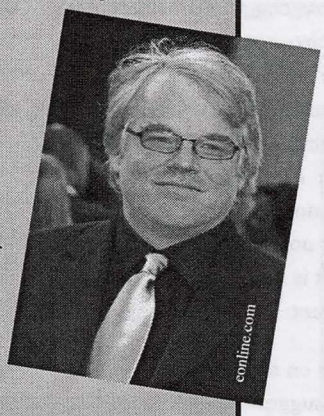
One of their other pre-Postal Service alchemies with electronica, "Sleep Around the Clock" blends the trumpet solos and soft voice of Murdoch over a trip hop giddiness that unfolds into a climactic crescendo. The lights started to quicken their flickered. The trumpet solo began, and then Murdoch came back on for a final verse: "Now the trouble is over, everybody got paid/ Everybody is happy, they are glad that they came/ Then you go to the place where you've finally found/ You can look at yourself sleep the clock around."

As if they wanted to share with us their final sentiments, they wanted the fan's to understand how happy and glad they are that we came, the band kept the swelling climax, unraveling like an endless scroll. Murdoch began to chant,"Now the trouble is over, everybody got paid/ Everybody is happy, they are glad that they came" until the light show gave seizures to an older couple next to us. Finally, they abated, and "they are glad that they came" was sung by a Murdoch you couldn't see because the stage had faded to black. You know, he was right. I was glad I came.

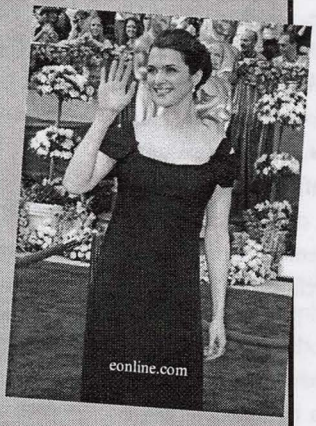
*(**Oscars**, continued from page 2)*



supporting and leading roles gave performances deserving of a statuette. George Clooney began the evening with his best supporting actor nod, courtesy of *Syriana*. His speech, one of my personal favorites of the night, was filled with gratitude and humor at the same time. "I'll now be known as Oscar winner George Clooney... and the sexiest man alive of 1997..." were amongst the jokes strewn throughout his speech. One of the more shocking victories belonged to Phillip Seymour Hoffman, who won for his leading role in Capote, the story of Truman Capote's journey toward his best-known book, *In Cold Blood*. This came as a large surprise to those (most people) wondering whether Heath Leadger or Joaquin Phoenix would walk home the Academy Award.



Rachel Weisz was victorious for her role in *The Constant Gardener*. As Tessa Quayle, she portrays a fervent activist whose investigation into the dealings of an international pharmaceutical company, and eventually into Africa, leads to her murder. Reese Witherspoon took home the award for best actress in a leading role for her depiction of June Carter Cash in *Walk the Line*.



While Witherspoon's award was obviously earned, it was her husband Ryan Phillippe's movie *Crash* that took everyone by surprise. After winning awards for film editing and best original screenplay, *Crash* took home the coveted Best Film of the year award.

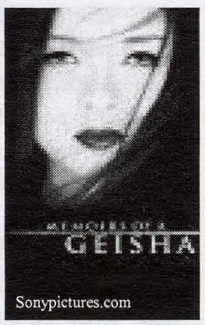
For a full list of all the nominees and winners, visit oscar.com/nominees/list.html.

Memoirs of a Geisha:

More Fiction Than Fact (and it works)

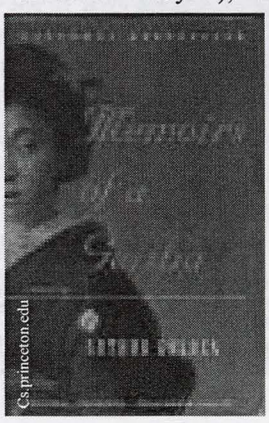
By Ranjan Cardinal

Whenever a movie adaptation of a book comes out, I want to read the book. With "Memoirs of a Geisha," this was truer than ever for me. So while I didn't get to see the movie, which I'm not really all that amped to see anyways, I was delighted by the well-written and poetic prose of *Memoirs*. At the surface, it's the typical rags to riches story, with the lead character Sayuri being born in a coastal Japanese town and sold into slavery (technically), by her father who meant well but couldn't deal with a wife dying from cancer and two daughters on the cusp of womanhood who needed caring for.



Sayuri's life from then is nothing less than tumultuous and intriguing. She is lucky in one respect: her looks. Rather than be sold into prostitution, like her sister, she is dropped off at a home in the renowned district of Gion to be groomed as a geisha. But looks don't always ensure less hardship—she has the beautiful and cruel Hatsumomo to contend with. Hatsumomo, who is the more popular geisha at the time, realizes from early on that Sayuri poses a threat to her security and stops at nothing to make her life miserable. Then, there is Sayuri's secret love for the Chairman of Iwamura Electric, but there's a slight problem: she is promised to his best friend. In addition to these themes of jealousy and unexpressed love, the book is rich with a tapestry of human emotion.

The best thing about this book is that it is purely fiction. Author Arthur Golden actually traveled to Japan and is friends with a real geisha (who in part is inspiration to the character of Sayuri), but *Memoirs* is mainly a figment of his imagination. So, if you're having a case of readers' block, like I was until I picked up *Memoirs*, this is a good book to try. Even just to unwind, it is an excellent choice. Believe me, your overworked brain cells will thank you.



Tricks of the Universal Trade: Understanding Innuendo

By Ben Kozlowski

It is a little-known fact that in addition to having the number one psychology undergraduate program and a notable Creative Writing focus, Washington College also sports two-hundred-and-forty-nine of the top two hundred fifty intimacy experts, short of Howard Stern. All the school papers offer professional advice on relationships, excepting those who don't pay their experts, and what's more, one can hardly sit down to breakfast without hearing the sage advice of one of our many experts, based on their prolific conquests. But I, for one, am incredibly grateful for this abundance of experts in my own backyard. After all, it is a well-known fact that physical intimacy is the highest of all human pursuits, far above the second-place candidate: gratuitous violence.

In light of this, however, it is often intimidating and difficult to navigate the tumultuous world of advice, so I will cast another line to intermingle among the rest. Although I can't claim to mastery of the twisted and convoluted world behind the scenes of every modest, mild-mannered individual, or the other thirteen hundred students on this campus, I can at least claim humanity (and rooming in Kent for a semester), and that should be worth something to those who do not metamorphose into the Incredible Hulk when casual conversation turns to the exchange of bodily fluids.

As far as I can gather in my observations of social entrepreneurs, the key to determining intent is identifying the difference between an implication and an honest statement. Example:

"You look very nice today."

This simple statement can easily be interpreted as suggestive and implying, or at least by serial rapists and Elizabethan poets. Though the mild-mannered may consider this a mere compliment, there are often extenuating circumstances that change the meaning of the statement. For instance, if this simple statement is accompanied by a nod-and-wink combo, an invasive physical contact, or sudden disrobing, it may very well be of ulterior motive. Also, as a rule of thumb, if one does not understand the statement being made, it is likely suggestive. For instance, the comment:

"If you were words on a page, you'd be fine print," is likely suggestive. As well as:

"Whoa, I like the way the light reflects off your collarbone," or:

"Nice limbs."

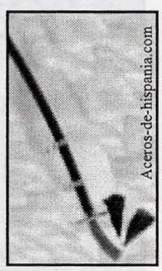
"Suggestive symbols may include bodies of water, caves and/or tunnels, rockets, light bulbs, drills, marshmallows, pitchforks, handcuffs, anything made of rubber..."

This kind of suggestiveness is also evident in a number of symbols, which must be watched for with constant vigilance in order to keep up with experts in craft. Suggestive symbols may include bodies of water, caves and/or tunnels, rockets, light bulbs, drills, marshmallows, pitchforks, handcuffs, anything made of rubber, appropriately oriented rocks and trees, surgical instruments, cotton balls, overcooked pasta, and geckoes.

Unfortunately, there is no set of guidelines to identify a blatantly loaded circumstance as opposed to its innocent counterparts. The truly imaginative experts, like overactive English and Philosophy professors, can interpret any situation to have gross implications. However, even if one is unskilled at the art of identifying subtleties in modern-day discussion, the true test of prowess lies in performance under pressure. Even the most able wordsmith falls hopelessly short of the direct and undeviating. Do not be fooled by masters of jargon and wit. When all the facades are stripped away, utter humiliation at the hands of manipulative linguists does not matter. If there is doubt in your mind as to the motivation of your opponent, you can always bring their intent to the fore in a number of ways. Call their bluff – use a humbling statement like "what are you talking about" or "wait, are you trying to be funny?" and when their guard is down, press the attack.

Personally, I've found it particularly effective to follow the axioms of Sun Tzu in his famous *Art of Awkward Conversation*. Visualize the situation as a meeting of combatants. Each sentence becomes a tactical maneuver. One can adopt the offensive strategy and call his bluff, demanding honesty and penetrating to the heart of the matter. Then one can confront his opponent on ground of their choosing. Or one can adopt the defensive strategy: allowing the opponent to prattle on awkwardly while you feign innocence, drawing him out into the open for an ambush. Or one can skirt the issue, luring the opponent onwards, but not engaging in open combat until the opponent attacks first, leaving himself undefended. And when the declarations have been made, always retain the high ground, engage only when victory is sure, defend your supply lines, and employ spies regularly. Remember – if you know your enemy and you know yourself, you need not fear the outcome of a hundred confrontations.

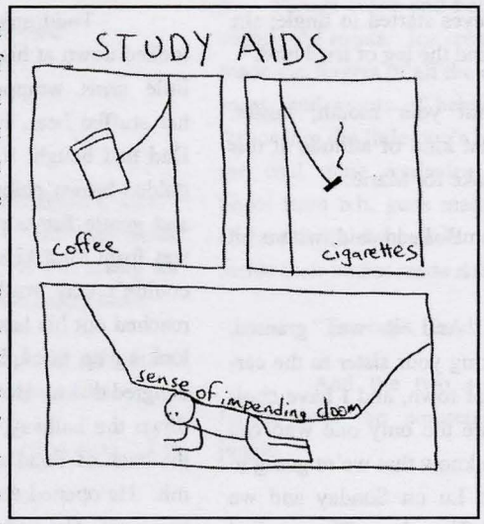
So do not fret, if you are one of the meek and concerned who know little of the ways of college-student foibles. Rewards are in store for the meek as well – they are guaranteed to inherit the world (though I seriously doubt if they'll still want it when all is said and done.) There is no need to sell yourself short or enter unknown locales in order to become well-versed in the art of innuendo. Even the experts were uncomfortable and awkward once, and most of them still are.



Pulling A Successful All-Nighter

By Peter Knox

6:30 p.m. – At the dining hall, I vaguely recall my professor mentioning something about some paper worth 25% of my grade being due next week. I remember that my professor said that last week and the paper is due tomorrow.



6:32 – At this point I have zero of the required ten pages written and actually don't even have a topic picked out or the material/ research done. I turn my procrastinated predicament into a joke at my own expense. I start to cry inside.

6:38 – A surge of security reassures me that I've been on the Dean's List for three years and every single paper has been the result of an all-nighter.

6:40 – I wonder just how good my grades could be if I managed my time better and could motivate myself to do work before the last second.

6:41 – Shrugging it off, I decide if it ain't broke, don't fix it.

7:01 – I stop by the café on the way out and procure two Rockstar Energy Drinks for the night ahead. In red on the side of the 16 oz can is the warning: "Not recommended for children, pregnant or nursing women, or those sensitive to caffeine." Forget these new ADD prescription drugs to keep me awake – I'm going old school.

7:30 – Back in my room, I dig out the book I should've read and pull up a blank Word document. I type my name, class, date, and set the margins and header. I save the file and open the book.

7:31 – I get out of my chair and see what my suitemates are up to – video games.

10:31 – I finally open my book and skim for general themes begging to be analyzed.

10:59 – Catching myself almost missing the Daily Show, I turn to channel 42.

11:30 – The following Colbert Report cannot be ignored.

12 am – Sports Center updates me on all the sports I missed when I was playing video games. In other news, my paper isn't writing itself.

1:00 – Rounding up my suitemates, I make my first RoFo run of the evening. So far, besides opening the book, this is a usual night for me and I don't even need something from Royal Farms.

1:34 – I return with a Slim Jim and a breakfast bagel. Channel surfing occurs as I crack open my first Rockstar and attempt to motivate myself into writing this damned nuisance.

2:03 – My food and whatever I was watching is done. I contemplate putting in a movie and not even going to class, but I remember that binge writing is where I excel.

2:04 – I set a goal to have certain pages done by a certain time, but I don't plan to meet them. Sixteen ounces of "the most powerful energy drink available" are coursing through my veins. Concentrating is difficult when the room is vibrating. Or maybe that's me.

4:28 – I have three of ten pages done. My first paragraph makes no sense, but I push through. I reward myself with music.

4:48 – I find myself addicted to "The Skin of My Yellow Country Teeth" by Clap Your Hands Say Yeah. At this point, I've written fewer words than the song's title.

5:01 – Realizing that playing the song on repeat isn't getting more pages written, I integrate its rhythms into my writing.

5:12 – The second Rockstar is popped and guzzled. If I push through this wall, I'll make it out alive. Ignoring the urge to email my professor and ask for an extension, I pace my room juggling my thesis in my head. I can't believe the guy that made all the Earnest movies is dead.

6:23 – I only have two more pages to write. I switch to Courier New and revel in the fact that now I only have one page to write. I try to wrap it up before delirium sets in.

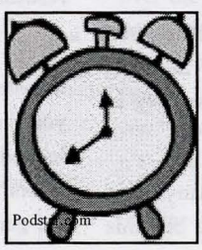
7:31 – The paper is done and, no matter how many times I read it, editing does not seem to be taking place.

7:50 – I curse the fact that the library doesn't open until 8:15 (a time I memorized after getting there at 7:55 after a previous all-nighter). I also curse the fact that despite lugging around a printer since freshman year, I have yet to replace the ink cartridge so that it might serve some purpose.

8:03 – I'm not going to make it to the library. Instead I will email it to myself, pass out and do it later.

12:43 p.m. – Loud banging on my door rouses me to an upright position in time to see I had set the alarm improperly and only had 17 minutes to print out the paper and make it to class or render the entire night's labor useless.

12:59 – Hungry, tired, and still wearing exactly what I wore yesterday, I sprint through the door of my class and proudly wave a stapled ten page paper on a book I hadn't seen a day ago.



1:04 – My pride has transitioned to dread as I find myself trapped in class for the next hour and eleven minutes. I should've bought another Rockstar.

Barely Crushing Ladybugs

A short story by David Gebler

The county fair only comes to town once every few years, and when it does, there's a great commotion in town. Everybody squeezes into their pickups and Volkswagens, and heads on over. It's New Year's in June, and people come from miles and miles, as if that Ferris in gold and blue has string attached to everyone. You never will see so many townsfolk in one place, except for maybe Dober High football games, but even that's unlikely. It's a mighty crowd; entertainment is hard to come by. The life of a farmer is one of gentle pleasures: sunrises, sunsets, and nothing but the ground and soil to paint greens onto the scenery. Country-lights are dull and dim if you can't find the magnificence of the stars, and the carnival is like a miniature city, except you don't have to live there or drive several hundred miles to get to it. Or maybe it's just tradition, dating back to whenever people can remember: those who still can at least.

"Now you take Marie to the carnival, tomorrow, ya' hear me? Take real good care of her."

"Aww, c'mon Mom, that ain't right! I wanna go on the big rides! She's too little to get on em'. How'm I supposed to have any fun with that little cry baby?" Todd was 15, and didn't know much about the world, except for what his parents and teachers told him. He reached over the table and picked up a biscuit that Mamma made; along with mashed potatoes and a good deal of fried chicken. There were some green beans that she'd have to struggle to get down her boy.

"I am not a cry-baby!" Marie had just turned 7 'bout a week ago. She was little, even for her age. The chicken leg in her hand seemed enormous.

"Oh, you so are! How many times did you sleep in Mom's bed this week?"

Marie's eyes started to tingle; she tried to hide it behind the leg of fried bird.

"You shut your mouth, mister. There won't be that kind of attitude at this table." Mamma spoke for Marie.

"But Mom!" Todd said, with a bit of whine in his voice.

"Quiet!" And it was granted. "Now, you are taking your sister to the carnival. Dad's out of town, and I have choir practice, so you are the only one who can take her. And you know that we're going to go see your Aunt Lu on Sunday and we won't be back till Thursday. The carnival won't be in town any longer. If you want

to go, tomorrow is the only time you can do it, and I ain't leavin' Marie here alone."

And that was that. Todd grumbled through his teeth and wad of mashed potatoes, making glares over at his sister.

***

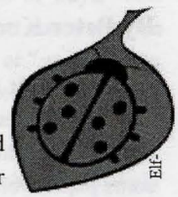
Todd could hear Marie's door open. Her little feet pattered slowly down the hallway. She crossed in front of the television, which he was watching.

"Todd, I'm scared."

"What now, Marie?"

"There's a monster in my room." Her voice was frail; shaken by things she didn't understand. The box covers of the horror-films at the movie store put images in Marie's head; images that were making her restless and scared.

"Marie, there are no such things as monsters. How many times do I have to tell you that?" She didn't respond, but just looked down the other end of the hallway to Mamma's room; wanting to go sleep beside the gentle protection of her mother. "Come on, Marie. I'll show you."



Todd stood up and looked down at his sister: her little arms wrapped around her stuffed bear, Fred. Recently unwrapped; Dad had bought it for her birthday. A fresh golden-brown color, displayed against its soft and gentle fur: a patch of glistened hair was wet from kind kisses on top of its head. He couldn't stay mad at her for long. Todd reached out his hand and she took it, her eyes looking up through the curly, black hair that dangled down. He smiled, and they went back down the hallway, Marie pressed as close to the back of Todd's leg as walking would permit. He opened the door, and light swept into her room. Her bed, just a mattress, with polka-dot blobs of pink and purple, tangled up from twists and turns, was pressed against the ground: Marie always had trouble sleeping, always rolling off: except for when she slept with Mamma. For whatever reason, her parents were blessed to be spared from midnight kicks.

Todd walked around the room slowly, pretending to investigate the surroundings.

"See, Marie? There's nothing' in the closet. No monsters. Nothin' in here. Nothin' underneath your bed, right? You'd of squished em' by now."

"...Yeah." She was delighted by the comment. Marie could barely crush a ladybug, if she ever tried. But she always found flowers when Todd referred to her as being 'big'.

"Now c'mon, Marie. Let's go back to sleep. Fred looks tired."

"Yeah..." Marie plopped back down into her bed, and Todd tucked her in. He liked the feeling of being a caring brother, and was still feeling bad about what he said at dinner. He was different with her when they were alone.

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"Good-night, Marie."

"Good-night...Todd?"

"Yeah?"

"Leave the door open?"

"...Okay."

***

"That'll be five dollars, okay? Five, for the both of ya'. The man inside the booth loved his job. It was a way for him to meet people and see happy faces.

"Here ya go." Todd pulled out the ten dollar bill Mamma gave him.

"One second, young man. Let me get your change."

"I wanna go on the tea cups! Can we go on the tea cups? Pleeeeeease?" Marie had waited all day to go to the county-fair. She slept in late, especially for her age. She was all built up with enthusiastic energy, and the man smiled with his wrinkled face and shoddy teeth and her beam became brighter. He winked at her because of it.

"Ya'll enjoy the fair now. Have fun!" Marie ran ahead just to be in front of her brother.

"C'mon, Todd! C'mon!!!" He walked toward her, not fast enough for patience, and she started to spin around and skipping in jubilee. "Look! Look!" Marie pointed her finger toward the grand roundabout that welcomed the audience. It was a beautiful, golden-colored work of amusement; glistening in red, and blue, and white lights. Mirrors hung along the center circle, right above the mural of zoo animals that was painted in wonderful watercolors. It spun round and round, and music emitted from its unseen speakers. The ride-horses, polar and black bears, two zebras, a moose and three grand deer, danced up and down in the circular motion and there was a great sound of laughter and amazement from the lucky riders. It stood out the most, even with all the other sights, sounds, and smells. Even over the sun. It was gently fading into night, splashing a hint of orange across the horizon, slowly being tucked into bed by the dark blanket of the sky. The tent-tops illuminated in the rays of the sleepy giant. Inside them were mysteries of joy. Funnel cakes and hot-dogs, the smells of sugars and meats. Ice cream and cotton candy made the fingers of all the children sticky. The snorts and grunts of behemoth-sized pigs put fervor into the little one's heads; the carnival is the coal mine equivalent for eager youths. Shots from b.b. guns made clicks of thunder. Clowns with two shots of bourbon rustling inside their bodies made dance and entrainment.

"Tea-cups, Todd! C'mon!"

And the two went further into the amusement jungle.

***

It was about two-hours later when Todd's feet were getting tired, and his patience was truly being tempted. Earlier, when they back-tracked to go on the roundabout, some of his friends from Dober High, three of them to be exact, saw each other It was hard to tell what they were thinking, due to the constant whirl of motion, but uncertainty put doubt into Todd. He thought the worst had happened. Meanwhile, Marie was still happy as ever. She was still laughing, skipping, and dancing. It started to sting a little in Todd's chest.

"Marie... uhm. I want to go on the Ferris wheel." She looked up into the sky and felt the great wheel tower above her.

"Uhm... I don't wanna...."

"But Marie, we went on all the rides you wanted to go on."

"..."

"You don't have to go on, you know?"

"Oh?"

"Here, why don't you wait here. Sit on this bench and just wait for me. Afterward, I promise we can go see the ponies."

"Okay!" The word had encouraged Marie.

"Don't go anywhere. Okay?"

"'Kay." And with that, Todd hurried his way toward the ride. Everything went so fast. He got in line at the perfect time, and got on right away. He sat back into the seat, pulled the bar down, and felt himself rise backwards into the sky. He rocked it back and forth, adding daring to his ascent. The moon and stars were out, and you couldn't see anything except the tree-line silhouette against the dark-blue night. The lights from the fair glowed beneath him as he reached the very top. His rocking ceased as he looked out yonder into the world. As it came back down, he looked over and saw Marie sitting on the bench in front of the Ferris wheel. *She's safe*, Todd thought, as he swooped through the bottom of the wheel. He rose back up into the sky, and looked at everything he could possibly see.

After 3 turns, Todd was locked in the back of the wheel, while other passengers were getting on. It took about 2 minutes; there was some difficulty getting everyone seated and safely secured. When it came back to life, and Todd came falling back down to earth for the first time, the light exposed a great darkness that put fear into his heart.

Marie wasn't there.

He couldn't believe it. He didn't believe it. *Marie!* He shouted. He tried to make out her voice, but he couldn't hear it over the sounds of the fair. His heart was pounding faster. *Marie!! Marie!!!* People started looking at him. His heart beat faster. He started running. *Where are you? Marie!!* She didn't answer. She didn't go to the pig-pen. She didn't go to the

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spot where she watched bodies slide down the blue, plastic lines; half-pipes for 50 feet. She wasn't asking for another balloon. She wasn't dancing or skipping. She wasn't watching people bob for apples, or watching the 6 foot pitcher from high school knock over bottles with baseballs. She wasn't playing with the clowns. She wasn't running with the roundabout, or laughing at the pigs. She didn't go to the ponies. *Marie. Marie.* She wasn't there.

And Todd began to tremble. Todd started to pray. But he didn't stop running. Someone else started calling out Marie, and that scared him even more. He didn't stop for help. He was afraid of it. Fiction was slowly turning factual. *No.* He started panting. His head whirled, and the lights stung his eyes. The clowns were turning serious. Back into men. "Marie!" they shouted. And Todd nearly passed out. But he couldn't. *No!!* He sprinted. He ran possessed by fear. He wasn't looking anymore, at least, that wasn't why he was running now. He was running for his life. The demon stared him in the face, and he couldn't get away. He ran into the field. Into the darkness, running from the light. The truth had scared him senseless.

And it greeted him.

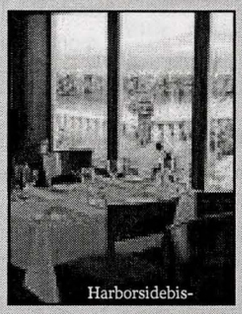
Red-eyes in the night. Staring at him. And he collapsed right there. His heart was pounding. And he screamed. He screamed loud enough to rival the trumpets of the fair. And then he was given attention.

A thump sounded. Loud enough to crush ladybugs, the red eyes bounced in the darkness. And then the chest was shut; a red eye shut from the shadow. It, winked at him. He wanted to scream, again. But he couldn't. His voice was struck silent: and he cried tears for Father. And his eyes began to see in the night. He prayed for strength, but it couldn't reach him. He prayed to look away, but it consumed him. And he screamed his sister's name, as the red eyes drove away.

The Best Places to Eat
In Kent and Queen Anne's Counties

By Lacy Bush

Despite what many college students may say about the Eastern shore, Kent and Queen Anne's counties actually have some classy, worthwhile restaurants that everyone should check out at least once. With the heavy influence of the Chesapeake Bay, there are multiple marinas and yacht basins that serve amazing food.


Harborsidebis-

The closest formal dining rooms would be La Ruota and the Imperial Hotel on High Street (right next to the Prince Theatre.) It is a traditional Italian/Mexican restaurant on High Street. The Mexican food is pretty good, especially for the price, but once you've had it once or twice it starts to taste the same. The Italian food, however, is a completely different story. The spaghetti and meatballs are out of this world. It's definitely the best, cheapest place to get a plate of pasta in all of Kent County. The Imperial is just as close to campus and serves rich foods and expensive wines. The wait staff is very attendant and the atmosphere can be described as elegant and she-she. It's very similar to a restaurant you'd find on the Upper-East Side of New York City, with chandeliers, fine art, and crystal champagne glasses.

Rock Hall is known for having many great seafood restaurants, all of which have great food. My personal favorites in Rock Hall are Jessie's, Waterman's, and Osprey Point. Jessie's is a great little delicatessen. It's a nice place to have a Caesar salad and a cream-puff pastry before you get your hair and nails done. They have homemade quiche and desserts and very reasonable prices. Located on Main Street in downtown Rock Hall, it's the perfect location for a leisure stroll through the park. Along the same street are plenty of bars and art galleries and just a few blocks away is a local beach which is rarely crowded.

The classiest and most expensive place to eat in all of Kent County would have to be Osprey Point Yacht Basin and Marina. They are known for having the best New York Strip and the richest desserts. This place has a very intimate setting with candles on the tables, large fireplace, and jazz music playing in the background. Everyone is very friendly and sincere, catering to all your needs. They serve very diverse selections in appetizers and entrées. Appetizers range from house salads to grilled artichoke hearts with crab sauce to smoked salmon served with citrus caviar and capers. In the past, they've been known for more exotic entrées like kangaroo tenderloin, alligator gumbo, veal marsala, tuna steaks dipped in black and white sesame seeds, crab cakes with black bean salsa, and, once in a while, a nice cut of venison. Desserts are freshly made on a daily basis and range from key lime pie with whipped cream made from scratch to chocolate torte cake that just melts in your mouth. If you ever stumble across a few extra dollars and a hot date, make a reservation for Osprey Point. You will not be disappointed!

Next to Osprey Point, I would say that the Hillside restaurant in Centreville is the best place to grab some seafood. A bunch of friends and I went there before Birthday Ball. For about $25.00, I got 3 huge Shirley Temples, cream of crab soup in a homemade bread bowl and a platter of fried seafood that all three of us couldn't finish. It seemed to be a very family-oriented place. My friends and I felt slightly overdressed, but we stole everybody's attention and it helped us to get superb service.

This county has more to offer than it seems. It may be overrun with loud trucks and cornfields, but there is also some great little restaurants to explore that have a more personal touch than you can find in a larger city.

How-To: Party Like A Human Being

By Jo Schaeffer

I'm an RA. Along with my giant single room and easily-earned stipend, I have a highly developed surveillance/ESP system I like to call RA-dar. Occasionally there are blips on it, blips which turn out to be residents bonging bottles of champagne in their shower stalls, sliding around Pippi Longstocking-style on a soap-covered suite floor, or playing beer golf in the hallway. Recently, I returned home from an evening of rounds, in which I and my fellow RAs rescued a student vomiting in a parking lot, apprehended another student breaking a light bulb (it was apparently disturbing the quality of his sleep), attended to an injured individual, all after being called "sluts" and told we had "no authority."

Upon my arrival in Harford, I noticed that some responsible and conscientious individual had overturned a trash can in the breezeway, scattering the contents far and wide across our corner of the Western Shore. As I climbed the stairwell to my room, I observed the pungent aroma of clove cigarettes and vomit. It was two in the morning; some stone-sober student was hollering obscenities at the top of his lungs.

Rather than assume that some members of the Washington College community are blithering morons hell-bent on destruction and mayhem, I prefer to assume that some people simply have not been educated as to how to party like a human being as opposed to some rabid, Milwaukee's Best-fueled, uh, beast. And, though we'll surely miss our games of beer golf when we graduate, they won't go over too well at that wedding or company gathering. So here's how to party like a human being.

1. Dress appropriately. I can't tell you how many disasters I've come across that could've been prevented had someone not worn stilettos. And if it's cold, put a sweater on. I'm tired of seeing frozen females stalking around campus like flamingos lost in the Arctic. Dressing appropriately will prevent injury, frostbite, and tit-bit-nippy syndrome. Both men and women may want to consider wearing Velcro shoes: they are easier to take off in case you absolutely *have* to take advantage of some couch privileges.

2. Eat. Before, during, and after drinking. I've had many a rough night myself because I saved up a day's worth of calories for ten White Russians. You're much less likely to get raucous and insane, and much more likely to keep that smooth, warm buzz we all crave, if you've got some food in your stomach.

3. Watch yourself. Who would you rather be: the guy passed out on the floor with "what happened?" scrawled on his forehead in permanent ink, or the guy who's sober enough to enter that cute girl's number into his phone properly and avoid awkward morning-after phone calls to a Mexican man named Paco?

4. Plan a classy night. Two of the best parties I have ever attended here involved dressing up, cocktails, wine, and cheese. Nobody was bonging the wine, nobody was passing out, and nobody was destroying anything. They were both nights of conversation and socializing with a little alcohol mixed in. The drinking was not the focus of the occasion.

5. Don't stray from the pack. Surrounded by your friends, you're less likely to do something stupid (unless, of course, you have stupid friends, in which case you're out of luck).

We all have bad nights once in a while. But do us all a favor and take a shot or two of common sense along with your Jagerbomb. Your friends and your liver will thank you for not having to run damage control for you while you were out being captain belligerent booze hound.

Do you write, draw or take pictures?

We are always looking for new submissions! Send your stuff to:

rjoret2- Op/Ed

spawlowski2– Music

jschaeffer2– Arts and Leisure

navi_editor– Everything Else

Entertain Your Brain!

Word Jumble

1. MILEXTASEINTIS
2. CUTEANECTA
3. HEYBMSLAP
4. SAUSAGES
5. CIPTACAY
6. ETAMORALIE
7. ORLIDOCEC
8. NESOLTIMP
9. LICOBELSE
10. TOINARIPSIN

Answers...

1. existentialism 2. accentuate 3. blasphemy 4. assuage 5. capacity 6. ameliorate 7. crocodile 8. simpleton 9. bellicose 10. inspiration

Word Strength

How many words can you create from the following words...

CRETAEOUS

PORTWATCHER

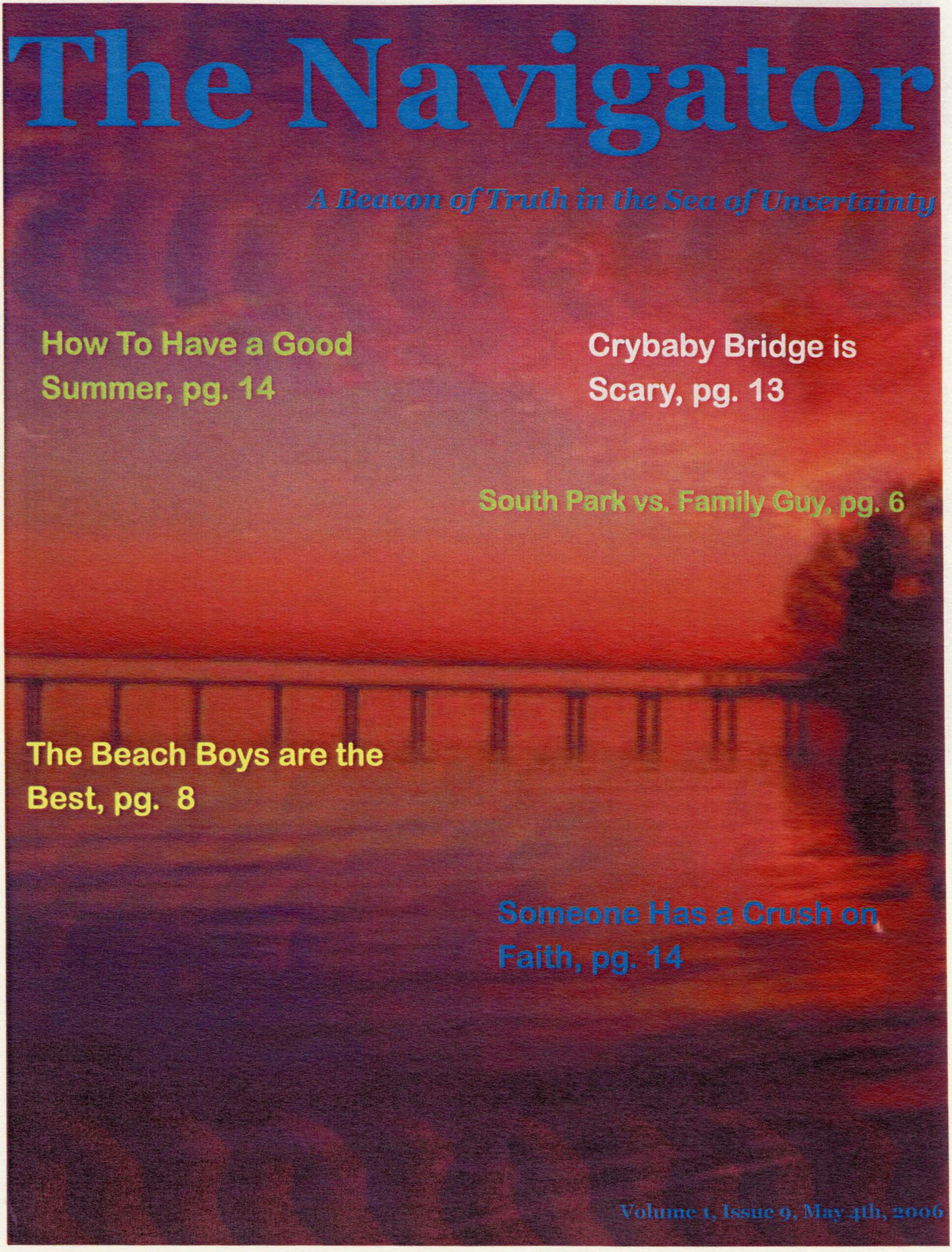
FROSTBITTEN

OVERRATED

The Navigator Staff Wishes The Whole Washington College Community a Fun, Safe and Relaxing Spring Break!

The Navigator

A Beacon of Truth in the Sea of Uncertainty



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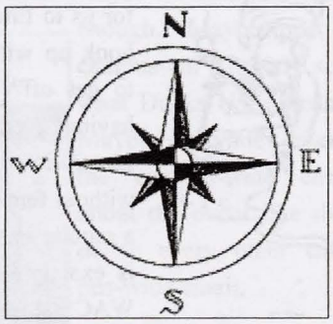
If you have questions, comments, corrections, or suggestions regarding anything in The Navigator, please send all correspondence to navi_editor@washcoll.edu. We love hearing what you have to say!

The Navigator



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STEVE PAWLOWSKI *Music Editor*

WILL BRUCE *Copy Editor*

The Perks of Pleasuring

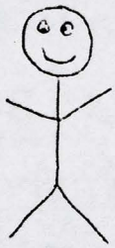
By Becky Streaker

Ask yourself one question ladies: Why does it seem that men masturbate SO much? This question has a very simple answer: men touch themselves because it feels good! Men love sex. Men love women. Masturbation is an opportunity to have whatever woman one may choose doing whatever one secretly desires without the awkward sexual positions and apologies that often accompany out fledgling college sex lives.

You'll go blind if you keep rubbing your own lamp !

Now ask yourself a second question: Why do so FEW women masturbate? Or rather, why are women so afraid to admit that they do it? Because society has placed, for far too long, a negative stigma upon the feminine sex that has morphed our self-image into something undesirable, embarrassed and ashamed. The advertising industry portrays women as they feel men want women to look: perky-breasted, curvy-hipped, toned abs and arms, with pouty lips and smoldering eyes. This image comes with an assumed personality, the same one attached to each air-brushed bimbo on every *Maxim* cover, in which the gorgeous faker will do anything in bed that a man asks. But when the woman is alone, she is eagerly awaiting the return of her partner so that she may please him further.

Girls, I find a problem with this way of thinking, don't you? Many of us know that we do not look like anyone you will ever find on the cover of *Maxim*, but this image of women is not one that we should strive to fulfill. So why should we behave as if men are our only source of sexual pleasure? Is it REALLY necessary for us to find a man to hook up with in order to get off? Men are having plenty of orgasms in the shower without female help on a regular basis—which is exactly why sex in WAC showers is a BAD idea. While society may advertise that women are supposed to keep their hands off themselves and only seek sexual recreation with a partner, I challenge you to exterminate this idea.



i'm smiling because i'm thinking about masturbation.

"Fun and Games" @ www.kevingianni.com

It is NOT wrong to touch yourself. Evolution gave us a clit for some reason and most men have not evolved enough yet to understand how best to work this tiny source of elation. However, WE know exactly what feels good! And knowledge is power, ladies. Rather than get dressed up every weekend to go drink is someone's dorm room and hope against hope that someone will talk to you, leave your push-up bra in the drawer; save your favorite thong for another night. Walk into the Movie Gallery, head straight to the back room, and find a movie that pumps your blood to the right places. Go back to your dorm and enjoy an evening with Jenna, or Brianna, and let your fingers do the work that few men will do as well. (WARNING: Please be sure that you have a single or that all of your roommates will be out for the night before engaging in such activities!)

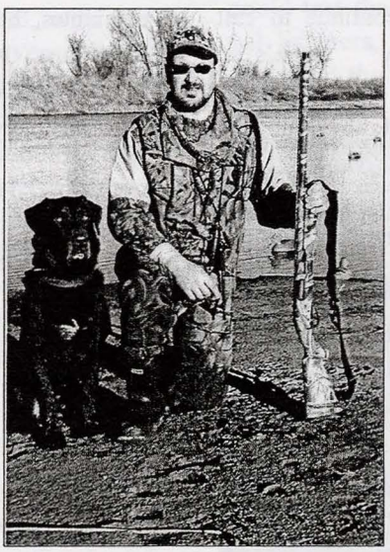
Having an orgasm on a regular basis is healthy and more fun than working out. Knowing what gets your toes curling can heat up your sex life when you get the object of your lust into bed, especially if you are confident and comfortable with your own body; some men find it incredibly arousing to watch the woman he is with touch herself. Masturbation can be a very empowering activity.

We live in a time where women are embracing their sexuality more than ever and are truly shaking off negative stereotypes. Though there will always be religious fanatics and psycho conservatives that will curse you for making a trip to Condom Kingdom or adult video stores, there is a growing population of men and women alike who will find you incredibly strong and sexy. Most importantly, remember that you do not need anyone else to fulfill your desires. Take your happiness, your confidence, and your orgasm into your own hands. Literally.

Outdoorsmen, Larry the Cable Guy, and DU

By Rob Sentman

When I first started looking at Washington College in high school, the first thing that stood out was the location. I have been around Chestertown since I was a boy, and much of the surrounding area was already familiar to me. Having been brought up to love the outdoors and everything they offer, I was excited to meet new people like myself at college. Surely there would be a great number of farmers, hunters, watermen and the like at WC. Being the only college within a reasonable distance, and Chestertown being the essential little town of Maryland's eastern shore that it is, I thought it was a safe assumption. Now after almost two years, I can count on both hands all the true outdoorsmen I know. Your average collar-popping plaid-short wearing student who dons a camouflage hat every now and then does *not* count. The numbers have not improved since I was in my Wilmington, DE high school where I would have been stuffed in a locker (if I could fit) for wearing my hunting coat.



I started pondering this topic Sunday night, after the WC Ducks Unlimited club finished its second banquet of the year. Attendance was somewhat poor, and the only students who came were those in the club, and those that I convinced/coerced/bribed to attend. Granted, the ticket price was twenty dollars—a little rich for your average college student. But come on! It's a great buffet dinner, numerous auction items and all the money we make in the end goes to one of the largest conservation resources on the planet! Maybe we didn't advertise enough. Maybe most of campus isn't exactly sure what Ducks Unlimited is. Maybe everyone deleted the campus-wide email about the event like they delete every other campus-wide email.

Regrettably, I believe that the interests and purpose of our DU chapter is lost on most students. But Ducks Unlimited isn't the only one that suffers. The WC Skeet and Trap Club had to work for almost two years to get approval, more time than most clubs I'm aware of. And you wouldn't believe the dirty looks I get when I walk my gun back and forth from Public Safety to my vehicle.

Unfortunately, I believe there exists somewhat of a stereotype towards outdoorsmen on campus. I've lost count of the number of jokes made about pick-up trucks, shotguns, dating your sister, brushing your one tooth, etc. They're almost always said in that mocking southern accent that I certainly don't sound like and which probably doesn't even exist. I know a few people who fit the mold, true enough. But none of them are college students. They're fifty year old alcoholics who depend on their hunting season to ease up on the grocery bills. The people at this school who have discovered the benefits of the great outdoors are certainly anything but hillbillies and rednecks (and I can think of a few who are some of the hardest working students I know). Outdoorsmen have ten-fold the appreciation of the outdoors and wildlife than your average suburbanite. They know what hard work and patience can really be, and they are steeped in the traditions of their families and friends. I jump at the chance to introduce a friend to fishing, hunting, clay-shooting, or just walking through the woods. Some of the boldest memories that I will take with me to the grave have come from such experiences, and I have learned a million things about myself and others in the process. I know this kind of thing isn't for everyone; I'm not telling you to go live like Ted Nugent. [*Ed. Note: Ted Nugent is insane!*]

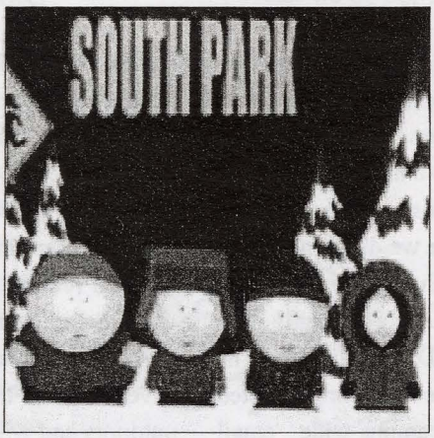
DUCKS UNLIMITED

All I'm saying is that no one likes to be judged without good reason. So maybe next time when your one friend says he's going hunting that afternoon, you ease up on the Ron White quotes and Larry the Cable Guy comparisons. We're not really like that, I swear.

Point/Counterpoint: South Park vs. Family Guy

South Park

By Reilly Joret



Well, I haven't watched Family Guy since it first got cancelled by FOX, so I don't really know what they're up to as of right now. When the show first came out, though, I thought it was pretty good. It was "zany and quirky," to use words that I see plastered all over reviews of things. But I caught an episode a while ago, and I have to say that it just didn't strike me as funny. I think the show went off the deep end after they were restored to FOX's lineup. Now, I think they just push the envelope. Well, they've always pushed the envelope of good taste, but now they're pushing the envelope of how much stupid crap they can put together and people will continue to call "funny." There's no point, no satire, nothing of any value as far as I can tell. But it's admirable that Family Guy has found a way to no longer be funny and yet still be on the air.

I'm picking South Park as the better cartoon, because at least South Park is relevant. They still make an effort to lampoon stupidity and hypocrisy that runs rampant through everyday life. And they even had a chance to point out how stupid a show Family Guy is. South Park is still fresh and entertaining for me. I still laugh really hard when I watch it, and I still feel like they have something to say. Whenever I catch parts of Family Guy, it's like when I catch a little part of an episode of Sponge Bob: I can stand it for about five minutes, but after that my brain starts to hurt. I can't watch the same joke over and over again, especially when it's in every episode.

But perhaps I really don't know what I'm talking about. Perhaps there's something I missed along the way with Family Guy, but if anybody can explain to me why the show is as hilarious as they think it is, I'm all ears. Until then, my judgment tells me to pick the cartoon with slightly crappier animation, but much better writing.

Family Guy

By Tanya Borukhova

Okay. I know the point of a point/counterpoint (haha, redundancy) is to present two arguments for two opposing sides, but just as it is hard to defend the statement "President Bush is a brilliant orator," it is very difficult for me to say that Family Guy beats South Park. Let us consider, instead, why we can't completely write off Fox's golden child. PS... I'm kind of sarcastic.

First of all, the random jokes, cut-tos and references to people who do not always exist in real life are like a stoner's wet dream. All the little scenes are just the right length for someone who is baked as hell to pay attention to—anything with an actual plot, say, South Park, is too much to comprehend.

Second, the random/stoner/je ne sais quoi sense of humor exhibited by Family Guy and pretty much every show on Cartoon Network's Adult Swim (except for that anime) is analogous to our generation like the witty political commentary in old school SNL was to our parents. We are either becoming dumber, or we are too lazy to think. So: South Park is just too dang complicated for the new generation to comprehend.

Third, South Park is so gosh darn political. I mean, the controversial issues that the show mocks...that's so... unpatriotic! Family Guy is obviously a huge joke that nobody in their right mind can take seriously—the show is so absurdly offensive with its apparently manatee-created plotless scenarios that in the end, it's not really offensive at all. While episodes of South Park are spent defining and muckraking a serious social dysfunction in society in allegory or direct form, Family Guy has thirty second sequences of Peter the overweight alcoholic dumbass battling giant roosters. Sure, the show makes some sort of a social critique, but it is so subtle or irrelevant that it doesn't even get censored. The only episode to ever get banned was "Wish Upon a Weinstein," which suggested that Jews are good at handling money, but it's nothing compared to South Park's mockery of Mel Gibson and his cinematic masterpiece, Tom Cruise (who, by the way, is like he smartest and greatest and most influential celebrity in the universe) and his religious choices, and Barbara Streisand, whose voice is like buttah. I mean come on, South Park, you are just so mean! Why can't they emulate Family Guy and have an episode where Cartman's cat becomes matricidal or something? There are no politics involved in that!

So, to restate, Family Guy is better because it's perfect for stoners, it's too dumb to be political, and it requires a lot less brain activity to understand. Plus it's not as offensive as South Park. It's safe (which is why I'm sure Fox decided to pick it up again). And come on, who doesn't love a manatee?

Music Reviews

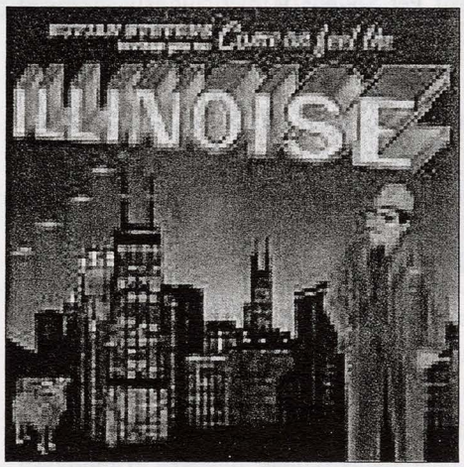
By Jason Price

Sufjan Stevens—Illinoise

Back in 2003, with the release of Sufjan Stevens' third album, "Greeting from Michigan", Stevens promised the music world another forty-nine albums, one for each US state. Last year he continued on his almost ludicrous ambition, releasing "Illinois", which, predictably, is about the state that the album is named for. The album is a clever mix of full-blown instrumental and choral cacophony and quiet touching folk style singing, mixing songs in with several short, descriptively titled instrumental tracks that rarely touch over a minute.

Stevens' mixes these styles together throughout the album, even mixing them together in tracks such as "Concerning the UFO sighting..." and "Chicago". Stevens' tranquil, lilting voice works perfectly over either style, sounding chilling at times, and comforting at others. It is obvious Stevens' is a seasoned singer/songwriter, smartly pulling back on the instrumentation for the first quiet song on the album, "John Wayne Gacy Jr.", a song that chronicles the story of the infamous serial killer. This song, and the somber "Cashmir Pulaski Day" define Stevens' folksy roots, while songs such as "Come on! Feel the Illinoise!" and "They Are Night Zombies!! They Are Neighbors!!..." demonstrate Stevens' ability to compose and control bigger sounding music.

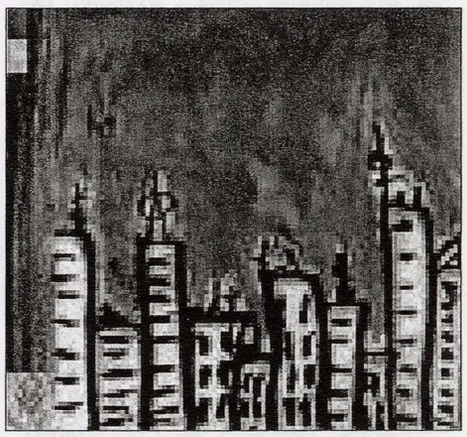
Overall, "Illinois" is a fantastic album making smart and accessible music that can be enjoyed by a large audience. The album doesn't end until well over an hour, which could test the patience of many casual listeners, but for devoted lovers of music, the album is worth at least a few listens.



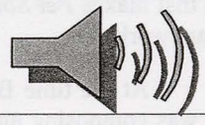
Broken Social Scene—(S/T)

Broken Social Scene isn't so much a band as it is a collection of musicians, similar in style to bands such as the New Pornographers, or Neutral Milk Hotel and have quietly been quietly acclaimed since their 2003 "You Forgot in People". Since then, the band has expanded slightly and at the making of their self-titled album in 2005 Broken Social Scene's lineup consisted of seventeen members, with another four guests on the album as well.

With this number of musicians playing, Broken Social Scene has a distinct and very diverse sound, with songs often featuring multiple vocalists, and seemingly endless different sounds that the musicians can play as well. The album starts off a little slow at first, with the exception of "7/4 (Shoreline)", with the couple of songs excluding some of the noise of the later tracks. The full sound of the band isn't heard until six or so tracks in. Starting with "Fire Eye'd Boy" the album really picks up and the excellent song writing and playing becomes evident. When the album finally slows down a little at the end, six tracks later, with "Bandwidth", you will probably have a new favorite song found somewhere in the fourteen tracks on the album. Overall, all the songs feel as if they received a lot of concentration and work and are very well mixed, considering the number of musicians involved. This album was easily one of the best albums of last year to be made and should definitely be on everyone's iTunes playlists.



Are you a music guru or just a dedicated fan? Write for us next year! E-mail navi_editor for more information!



Editor's Picks: Best of the Best

By Will Bruce

The Beach Boys – *Pet Sounds*

The Beach Boys don't get much credit from a lot of people lately. The only albums you can really find in record stores are those hits compilations that make them seem like just oldies station fodder. When the Beach Boys started their career, this was a fairly accurate description. They were young Californians with great voices recording breathless little ridiculously catchy pop songs about surfing, girls, and cars – a fully commercial vehicle.

The most recognizable Beach Boys song is probably 'Good Vibrations." What you might not realize is that the Beach Boys line-up that recorded the track had gone through quite a bit of change before its release. "Good Vibrations" was basically the last single before Brian Wilson, the brains of the entire operation, stepped aside due to heavy drug use, involvement with Satanism, and mental collapse stemming from a rock and roll lifestyle and a fierce desire to be the reigning pop group, bigger and better than the Beatles.

Yeah. For real. The Beach Boys. And the bridge between songs like Little Deuce Coop and Good Vibrations, between unspoiled youth and complete collapse, is *Pet Sounds.* Underappreciated due to a shortage of commercially viable singles, *Pet Sounds* still has a few very familiar Beach Boys songs on it – "Wouldn't It Be Nice" and "Sloop John B" are staples on every hits compilation. It is the presence of these perfect pop gems in tandem with the less known rest of the album that makes *Pet Sounds* such an important work.

At the time Brian Wilson was composing and arranging *Pet Sounds*, he was becoming obsessed with a musical device he called 'feels.' A 'feel' was a small musical phrase somewhat like a canon, but much shorter, that could be repeated, built upon, adjusted, rearranged, and fit into a greater mosaic of other miniscule sonic sunbeams, creating what came to be known as the 'wall of sound.' Every piece of Pet Sounds is filled to the brim with these, making each song much more than just one piece. Each second of Pet Sounds is meticulously arranged and worked over to stick in your head and repeat forever. And if you get sick of one phrase repeating, a different one will slide in to take its place seamlessly. Even more amazing is that unlike many modern albums professing to follow the 'wall of sound' aesthetic, Pet Sounds never sounds cluttered. The majority of the album is down-tempo, and Wilson gives his arrangements plenty of time to languidly stretch out their arms towards heaven. The effect was best described by Brian Wilson himself in an interview. When asked to define the music he was making, he replied "teenage symphonies to God." Amen.

The Zombies – *Odyssey and Oracle*

It seems like making music has become a chore for bands lately. I read interviews with metal bands about 'long hours in the studio' or 'trying hard to push things in a new direction' or how many months the album was completely revamped in ProTools until what's left is music that can only be performed live by setting up huge speakers to play pre-recorded computer fucketry. Buying albums isn't as exciting anymore. Sometimes I let them sit unopened for weeks because I know that just to get into the music I'll have to wade through some echo-filtered over arranged instrumental intro, or play the album in the background while I work because every song has been packed with so much useless shit that it's impossible to listen to it without feeling like you're trying to eat a vat of marzipan.

The Zombies are from the 60s. I had never heard of them until my editor handed me their album and said 'review this.' From the name, I thought I would be getting some sort of sludgy gothic post punk that everyone seems to respect but I can never get into (Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, The Jesus Lizard, blah blah). Which is why I was so confused when the first track launched straight into a beautiful, effortless Beatles and Beach Boys by way of early Pink Floyd shot of straight sonic bliss. Effortless is the best word to describe this whole album. The words pick up within the first four beats of almost every song. That's SONGWRITING, man. No one does that anymore. So many of today's bands have such weak melodies and words that they need to dress up every track in bells and whistles, add long complex instrumentals, and sing through filters to make anything they sing interesting. The Zombies are from another time, when musicians were people who wrote songs not to be in a band or for the sake of any aesthetic, but because there was melody to be had and words to be sung.

Which isn't to say that the songs aren't complex. There are beautiful multi-voiced vocal arrangements, dramatic rhythmic shifts, and a wide array of sounds – chiming guitar, bongos, crisp drums, mellotron, horns and strings – and every sound is carried along by a beautifully written melody and solid words. Songs like "Changes" and "Brief Candles" fully showcase the richness of the Zombies' sound. Every song on the album works its magic, and then politely finishes without trying to draw extra attention to itself, leaving the finished product at a neat 12 tracks in half an hour, so you could listen to the whole thing while you eat your lunch and be completely recharged and ready to tackle whatever it is that needs tackling with a head full of helium and an annoying grin on your face. Pick up this album today.

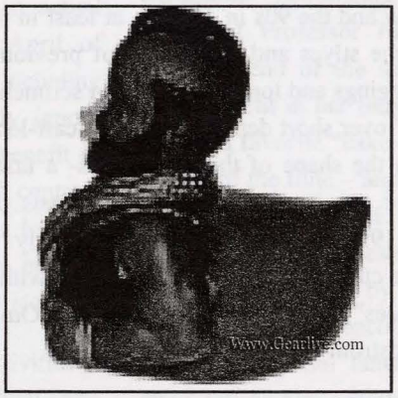
The Golden Ducks Awards

By Lauren Stranahan

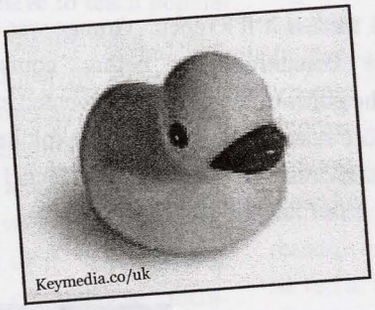
Last Sunday, unbeknownst to the majority of WAC students, the most glamorous, prestigious and hilarious event occurring on campus took place in Tawes Theater. That's right ladies and gentlemen, the first annual Golden Ducks Awards have come and gone, and all who attended will tell you that it was a night to remember.

This not-so-long-standing tradition began this year when, during the Drama department's Thesis Seminar class, the seed was born. A committee was formed, the members being Rachel Loose, Sarah Byrne, Kyle Woerner, Liz Clarke, and Erika Salomon. These fabulous five put together an award show to, as Rachel Loose says, "Honor outstanding achievement in the Drama Department, including professors." E-mails were sent out to the department for nominations, and then a second time for voting. As April 23rd quickly approached, the nominees trembled with anticipation of the opening of the envelopes.

The fateful night finally arrived – a dark and stormy one, at that. Nominees, presenters, professors, dates, and drama junkies slowly made their ways into the theater after enjoying the delicious refreshments outside. Soon we were bombarded with awards, ranging from Best Fight Sequence (Tim Helmer and Chris Tinsman in "The Lonesome West") to Most Controversial Performance ("The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told," Directed by Kate Aman) to "I Can't Believe They Did That On Stage" (Kyle Woerner and Ian Jacobs' "Rock Sex" in "The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told"). To ease the stress of an unprecedented 38 awards the committee provided three entertainment breaks for the audience.



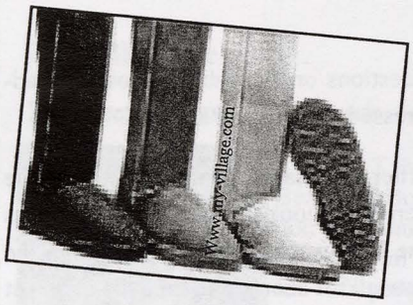
First up on stage were Marielle Latrick and her "Handsome Man," Eric Eaton, performing an impressive swing dance routine. Professor Michelle Volanski's canine friend, Cordellia, liked it so much that she tried to join in, but was lured back offstage by whistles and promises of doggie treats. The next interlude brought Kevin Reagan to the stage. He first played guitar to a song written and sung by Rachel Holland. Next Kevin performed a sort-of-improv, involving stories from his childhood, Bobby Bangert playing "young Kevin," and Rachel playing "Big Black Guy(s)" in two tales, and "The Girl Kevin Broke Up With" in another. The performance that stole the show, however, was the musical stylings of Greg Schaefer and Pete Knox. In what can only be described as an interpretive square dance, Greg and Pete related to the audience the magnificent tale of their life on the farm before college (you didn't know about that, did you?) and the fateful arrival of a horny rooster. Further questions on the subject should be addressed to Greg and Pete.



After the final entertainment section the ceremony took a more serious tone, as the big awards hovered over us on the catwalk. It soon came time for the most anticipated awards of the night. The crowd cheered as the winners were announced and surprisingly non-existent acceptance speeches were given. These most prestigious awards were presented to Best Actress Alaina Anderson as Carol in "Oleanna," Best Actor Greg Schaefer as Biff in "Death of a Salesman," and Best Director Chas LiBretto for "Journey's End." And finally, the last two awards were given: Best Comedy went to "Duchamp Redux," and Best Drama went to "Death of a Salesman," a testament to the remarkable faculty in the Washington College Drama Department as both were productions directed by professors.

As far as award ceremonies go – and I've been to plenty – The Golden Ducks reach the top of the list in prestige and entertainment. Everyone nominated did an amazing job acting/directing/managing/operating/designing in this semester's productions and should be commended for their amazing dedication to drama.

Smokin' Section



What's Hot and What's a Drag

History repeats itself; fashion, it seems, does likewise. I was sulking through an episode of *Saved by the Bell* on Adult Swim the other night and realized how, despite the mockery paid the show and the 90s in general, at least in terms of fashion, we're recycling the same stlyes and silhouettes of previous decades. Ten years ago it was the leggings and long sweaters and scrunch-socks-in-hi-tops, now it's "long layers" over short denim skirts with calf-length Ugg boots. There is a similarity in the shape of the two outfits- a fashionista who just paid eighty dollars for a pair of sheepskin boots casts the same shadow as a housewife circa 1995. Remember during the early "aughts" (you'd think, six years into the current decade, we'd come up with a more clever way to say "double zeroes") when the 70s were in? Only "bellbottoms" were "flares" and Nordstrom's sold them pre-ripped.

Hot:

Clunky belts worn over "long layers." This is a throwback to the jersey dresses of the 1980s, and the shorter, form-fitting dresses of the 1990s. And I say, why not? The belts accentuate feminine curves, though the owners of these curves should not them be compared to owners of yachts or Rolls(es?) when it comes to physiques. Point well taken: no fatties.

Grunge. I know it'll happen. Grunge was the last of the true counterculture, before commercialism kicked the goths to the curb and invented emo. Only a few more seasons until grunge is exploited like the hippie-comeback of the late 1990s-present. Get ready for flannel and fifty-dollar canvas Converse All-Stars, *In Utero* on iPods everywhere.

Draggin:

Too much hairspray. Side ponytails. That gelled cut for men from the early '00s that makes the victim's head resemble a profile of a rhinoceros. Metrosexualism, a la the disco era. Applying chemicals to the hair in overabundance. We're not auditioning for parts as fuses in a train-robber/western movie. We don't need to me more flammable than we already are.

Sheer Randomness

By Brooks Long

This is the Introduction to my first collection of poetry, which is currently untitled. In the Introduction's conception, I tried my very best to straddle the line between modesty and honesty. In the end though, I believe modesty won the day. Also, sometimes I make up words.

This is the greatest collection of poetry mankind has ever known. On innumerable occasions, the reader will weep tears of utter rapture. These individual tears will each take on the shape and likeness of one William Shakespeare and scream out an emotionally exhausted "Bravo." One glance at "John Stamos' 115th Dream" and women, in fact all female organisms throughout the cosmos, will dive head first into a black hole for the chance to copulate with me. "God" is too weak of a term to describe how readers will come to know me.

I will take my bedroom cabinet to the "Antiques Roadshow." The appraisers will tell me in fear and awe that it was Napoleon Bonaparte's cabinet, of a China variety, worth $12 billion. Not that I will need money. Carried by my ex-girlfriend (realizing her past error far too late), I shall enter choice establishments, merely point to my desirables and have them carried to my flying automobile. (My ex-girlfriend will, under no circumstances, be allowed to drive my flying automobile.) Ecstatic, the store manager will foam at the mouth trying to thank me for choosing his establishment on which to bless with my godly presence and from which to steal his ultimately insignificant merchandise.

Upon my deathbed, and in between gulps of Pabst Blue Ribbon, I will utter the universe's finest example of pure poetry. Of this piece, I cannot yet speak for fear of anti-climactism, only that the rhyme scheme includes the words "heart" and "fart". Also, the final couplet shall be the inhalation and exhalation of my final breath, which will awkwardly last fourteen minutes. During this time, all whose ear the breath reaches will know the many joys and sorrows of the entire human race. Biblically.

Professors' Summer Festival '06 Sports New Attractions

By Ben Kozlowski

To celebrate the bicentennial of the original Washington College Professors' Summer Festival, the administration has announced a number of new attractions and events that will be held on campus during Memorial Day weekend for professors, coaches, and other staff members, in addition to many old favorites like dunk-the-sorority member and whack-a-cell-phone. A little-known tradition of Washington College, Summerfest – or the annual curriculum seminar, as it is colloquially called when in earshot of students – has been a stress-reliever and favorite activity of underappreciated staff members since 1806, when, in his last year before retiring his professorship, Dr. William Lancaster challenged sixteen of the college's students to duels in the last month of the semester, one after the other, every four hours, for three days at the end of May, then systematically won every one of those duels. Tragically, Lancaster died several weeks later during a champagne binge, but in keeping with his tradition, Summerfest has always been about the relief of the faculty after many long months of dealing with obnoxious college students. In 1968, during the civil rights movement, Summerfest was extended to include other staff members, such as housekeeping and public safety (a move that brought a whole new dimension to the festival) and was further expanded to the Chestertown citizens in 1974, who have developed many new activities like the High Street cardboard safari, where passengers with rifles are encouraged to shoot cardboard likenesses of their most disruptive students from public safety SUVs and rented Range Rovers.

In addition to these old favorites, the faculty may look forward to a live stage adaptation of Lord of the Flies by noted Dramaturge Lyndon Baines Jacobson in the Tawes Theater – a well-received translation to the theater that has been modernized somewhat by starring a cast of college students stranded on a Caribbean island while on a flight to Mexico from Orlando over spring break. Though the adaptation, based also on an actual series of events occurring in April of 1995, has been criticized for including female roles, audiences typically ignore the inconsistency for the added benefit of nude scenes and explicit sexual content. Professor W--- admitted she was looking forward to "reviewing" the new adaptation, though the cast is somewhat lacking.

Also included in the festivities is the creation of several new carnival-style game booths, which will rotate themes from year to year on a four year basis. This year's theme – "The Other Side of the Classroom" – will feature a number of hypnotized seniors, donated for the positions by their parents, who receive a guest invitation for the charity. In one booth, the ex-students will have to teach popular culture to a class of disinterested professors while naked and heavily intoxicated. During the class, professors are awarded prizes based on the annoyingness of their questions, accuracy and cruelty of their snide comments, with bonus prizes awarded for making their "teacher" look stupid in class for contradicting themselves or committing spelling errors (a favorite of philosophy professors). In another booth, naked, intoxicated students will be forced to clean up a large linoleum floor while their disgruntled housekeepers throw food and garbage at them, complaining all the while about how messy things are and how it should take them far less time to clean up *and* make them dinner. In the public safety equivalent, fully-clothed and able ex-students will be required to prevent public safety officers from killing them.

But the biggest event to look forward to this year is the "Abuse Corner" where a professional orphaned college student will be stationed at all hours of the weekend to receive the abuse of any staff member who wants a crack at him in ten-minute increments. Following the theme of Professor Jillian Baker, who, after the end of the semester, called up each student in her Introduction to Music class – a favorite "cake-class" distribution choice of the time – and told them exactly what she thought of each one, before jumping into the Chester river and being dragged three miles by angry crabs, staff members will be encouraged to play-act their confessional fantasies with the orphan, telling him exactly why he deserved an F instead of the C- he got and complained about, or similar rebukes.

Among the returning favorites are the "Missing Persons Dissection Table," "Trash the Dormitory," and "Bullshit the Experts." On Saturday night, after the annual "Staggering Ball," baseball bats will be distributed for the annual "Mailbox Assassinations." Sunday afternoon will feature the "Untracable Prank Call Hour" and filming of "Intelliwhatsit-*this!*" – the little known televised game show where drivel beats reason *anyday!* Champagne will be served at all hours in honor of Lancaster's death, and the crux of the events – the campus-wide vandalism tour – will be held Sunday night between the hours of ten and four-thirty. Monday morning will start slow with the traditional Slander-Fest – begun spontaneously during the 1934 Summerfest when Professors began to one-up each other with their favorite stories of their least-favorite students until the whole discussion turned into a series of ridiculous stories that never happened,

even though each professor maintained adamantly that they were telling the truth. Then events will wrap up with the inter-departmental football game and the HAZ-MAT team will be called to clean up the campus before the arrival of summer camp students and internship students.

Though Summerfest has often been criticized for inspiring the worst in our patient, caring professors – largely in part due to the riots that broke out after Summerfest '67, leading to the vandalizing of many local students' houses and the public sacrifice of graduated fraternity member, Bill Manson – the opposition this year has been next to nothing. "The professors just need time to unwind," local townsperson, Bethany Thompson explains. "I live next to Dr. H---, and every Friday I can hear him banging around in his house, yelling and-screaming about his CNW class – once he even through a Biology textbook out the window! It crushed my garden, but I wasn't about to press charges. I just feel sorry for the guy." However, local therapist and noted critic of Summerfest, Felix Hinnotson, before his sudden, unexplainable death last spring, is known to have said, "It's best not to get them riled up. Most of [the staff] have developed a lot of stress and long-standing enmity with the students, and that's not something you can just turn on or off. Once they get going, it's nigh-impossible to stop them. You should see my couch!" When asked about this concern, administration representative Dr. Y--- informed us that "it hasn't been a problem since the institution of the inter-departmental football tourney on the last day of the events. Since it was created, Summerfest-related crime has dropped to almost nil. Usually by the final game of the tourney, (Business v. Psychology for the last four years) the professors who aren't passed out or hospitalized rush the field and finish each other off. We've actually never seen the outcome of the final game, since the few competitors left untouched by the paramedics forget which team they're on and just start chasing each other across the green until the last round of champagne is served.

Only the administration does not participate in the festivities, but instead organize and run the events. Though this has been questioned by past students, no answer has been found, though many rumors have been considered, including the possibility that administrators are actually robots, or that they actually enjoy their jobs. Evidence, however, from sources that have chosen to remain anonymous, have explained that there is a secret rendez-vous of

administrators on a Caribbean island owned by a man known only as Zaroff, though this is unconfirmed except by a series of coincidental business trips last year to an undisclosed Caribbean convention center in the middle of July.

Goodness knows
That goodness grows,
But not all by its lonesome.
Thorns on a rose
And a weed at its toes;
Which will be more lonesome?

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Waking walking makes you think
What else you might have done asleep ...
Sightless eyes that drift in dreams
Can only bear false witness
To the things they have not seen.

-Ken Dolch

The Navigator is looking for new writers, editors and artists for next year!

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If you're interested in joining our staff,

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Urban Exploration: Crybaby Bridge

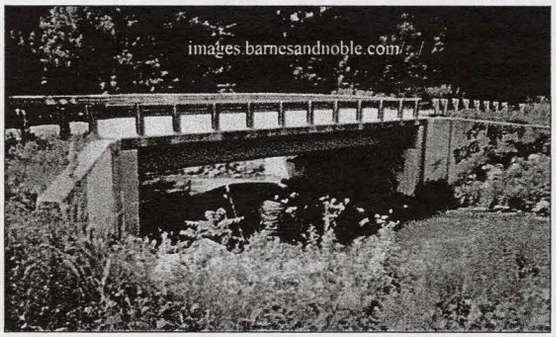
By Jo Schaeffer

Some people collect stamps. Others play video games nonstop. I trespass. Technically, it's "urban exploration", but why sugar-coat? It's illegal. It's dangerous. It's also one hell of a rush. One sneaks into an abandoned place, usually under the cover of nightfall, and noses around. There's absolutely no vandalism; the idea is to preserve the decay and allow it to happen naturally. I observe only. Occasionally I take some pictures. I've been to abandoned amusement parks, sanitariums, churches, and factories. I do it for the thrill, and also for the learning opportunity. Usually there is information available on the internet regarding the history of the places; state and county records, as well as newspaper articles (usually written about the building before its closing), often afford fascinating tidbits of urban history. There's something beautiful about decaying structures to me; I like to imagine what went on, what the people who lived, worked and played there were like, what they felt. Sometimes these expeditions can be a little creepy. Sometimes they are to "haunted" places. Other times I find evidence that there are strange people in the world. For example, once, in one of the outbuildings of an abandoned hospital, I came across empty bullet casings and a target with bullet holes through it. Another time I found a turkey vulture that had been nailed above the entrance to a building to rot. Gross, yes. But it's all part of the experience. I have tasted fear, and it is delicious. So when some friends of mine, who happen to be familiar with local legends and the Kent County area, asked me if I wanted to take a trip to a "haunted" place called "Crybaby Bridge," I couldn't say no.

Crybaby Bridge is not abandoned. It's located near a relatively main road, albeit one through desolate woods and farmland. I'm not going to tell you how to get there; chances are, after I tell you about it, you won't want to.

When we drove out to the bridge, it was nearly midnight. It was also raining. As we drove down increasingly narrow roads, my friends told me the story of Crybaby Bridge.

Back in the 1920s, a Native American known now only as Indian Joe was lynched on a sycamore tree near the bridge by the Ku Klux Klan. After he was murdered, his wife, clutching their baby to her breast, hurled herself off the bridge. Her body was recovered, but the baby washed downstream, never to be seen again. Supposedly, if one drives around the tree, parks one's car in the middle of the bridge, turns off the engine, the lights, and the radio, pulls the e-brake, and flashes one's lights several times after honking the horn, the ghost of the woman will appear, screaming: "where's my baby!" I didn't buy it, but I was curious about the structure itself- what did such a thing, so cloaked in lore, look like?



As we drove out to the bridge, the sky was glowing ethereally in the distance. I knew it was just the lights from Dover, but I allowed myself to be just a little bit scared. The rain was dripping off the skinny trees; their branches hung low over the road. As we approached the bridge, my friends began to get nervous- they were there for the ghost story, rather than for the exploration.

We drove around the tree, and then onto the bridge, performed the ritual. Nothing happened. I practically had a heart attack and died from *that* surprise. But when we turned the lights back on, I was able to get a closer look at the bridge and the tree. And what I saw sent chills up and down my spine.

The bridge was smaller than I'd expected; it was, however, pretty old- its sides were crumbling in places. Red paint was everywhere- a marker of the Klan and a sign that the hate group is still alive and well in this area. Swastikas were spray-painted on the side of the bridge, along with words too awful and hateful to repeat here. The wickedly leaning, ancient sycamore- the lynching tree- was just past the bridge. One thick branch was lower than the others. Some of the surrounding trees were painted with black and white stripes- another Klan sign. The word "DIE" was crudely scrawled in red spray paint on a tree nearby. There was a wooden target nailed to the sycamore; it too was painted red. The bridge, the tree, were shrines to murder and hatred.

Now the fear set in: I was terrified. But it was not delicious this time- it tasted like biting on metal. I was sick to my stomach. The fact that people could not only murder one another but later *celebrate* such an act horrified me. I was ashamed of my humanity. There was no decaying beauty to this bridge; it was as horrible as a passage over one of the four rivers of Hell.

Furthermore, I felt disgusted with myself for my initial curiosity about the bridge. Why was I interested in this *memento mouri* in the first place?

And why, knowing that the story of the lynching is true (and I presume there is some truth to it, just because of the hateful mementos left around the place), do we make pilgrimages to the first place? We seek thrills in places where death has supposedly occurred. What is this fascination? Is it because we cannot comprehend such violence and hatred, and because we don't understand it we are thus fascinated by it? Is it because somewhere in our souls we have a darker, more violent side?

I came in search of a rush, and instead got blindsided by naked questions about humanity and myself. I don't know why some people hate. Maybe they are simply ignorant, and afraid. Maybe we're all sick on some level. Maybe education is the answer- Sesame Street taught me to love everybody, speckles, freckles, horns and all. Maybe there is no answer. Maybe it just *is*, and it's up to us to decide how we deal with it- how we treat those who are bigoted and hateful, how we deal with the sickness in ourselves. Maybe I am afraid because I cannot comprehend hate- maybe there is a part of myself that is flawed, too, no better than these buck-stupid bigots.

GOTTA HAVE FAITH

By Faith Paulick

Faith: hard to resist

Dear Faith,

I badly want to pork the ever-loving life out of my RA. I know she wants it, and I have enough liquor to make it happen, but I don't know how to go about it. Please send me advice on how to pork my RA, who also writes an advice column for a reputable school publication.

Sincerely,
Drunk at 4:00am and wanting to pork his RA

Dear D@4aWtPhRA,

Well, it sounds like you are going through what every man in Kent House has felt one night or another. It just so happens that I am an RA in Kent who writes an advice column for a reputable school publication here at WC. You are in fact reading my column right now, look at that! Anyawy this woman sounds strangely similar to myself, so I should have a good idea about what this woman wants, only because we have so much in common.

First, you're going about this all wrong. This woman does not want you to try to schmooze her by writing an anonymous letter to her advice column asking how to pork her. Oh no, this woman would definitely prefer something more straightforward.

What I would suggest you do, Mr. D@4aWtPhRA, is the following: find a night where she's liquored up- she's much more easily convinced this way. She sounds like an avid vodka drinker, and she probably prefers cheap vodka. Again, I cannot be sure, since I do not know this woman, but it sounds like she and I are very much alike. So what I would suggest is showing up at Kent 106, I mean her room, with a cheap bottle of vodka, (or white zinfandel because I'll bet a million dollars she's a lush for a classy box o'wine), wearing nothing but a man thong. I think she will get the point then.

If this doesn't work, then you'll have bigger problems than just wanting to pork your RA, but still, you never know how she may react. So if she doesn't buy the cheap vodka/wine/man thong combo you should try something even more drastic- the Vanilla Thunda. Now, I do have a trademark on the VT so you must be very careful how you use it, and I expect to be fully credited during or after the time of use of the Vanilla Thunda.

Using the Vanilla Thunda is surprisingly simple. Throw a few shots back, wear a push-up bra, be sure to listen to Beyonce's song about the "jelly," and shake it like a two dollar hooker! No man can resist the Vanilla Thunda. (Well, that's not completely true but it does have a 96.7% success rate. The one who threw it off still had his V-Card.)

Back to the topic, Mr. D@4aWtPhRA. I know this would be a lot easier if I knew this woman on a personal basis, but since I don't I will have to honestly say that the only true way to get her in the sack is to observe what kind of things she seems to like. She may prefer boxer briefs, for instance. Or maybe a man who can go Free Willy. Who knows, there are so many options! Regardless of what she decides in the end, just remember that you will always have your good health and hope of a prosperous future.

Ok, you know what, enough with the games. Chimney, just come over and lets pork each other's brains out, damn it!

Sincerely,
Mama Faith

How To: Summer it up

1. Find an internship. Hopefully one that pays. If not, you can always work nights and weekends at American Eagle and hope the job you get because of the (mis)spending of your unpaid time will pay off down the road.

2. Get a job. Preferably a nine-to-five in an air-conditioned office somewhere, ten-fifty an hour to sit on your ass in a filing room, or behind a receptionist's desk. Temp agencies are the way to go for this; forget the lemonade stand or babysitting.

3. Take a class. Go to a community college, get an easy distribution class out of the way while you're bumming around. What else would you be doing with your brain, besides playing Star Wars Battlefront II? At least this way you'd keep it fresh.

4. Travel. Even if it's a day trip to the Bay or west towards the Appalachian Trail. See the rest of the country, or even the world, while you still have the freedom to do so.

5. Camp. Spend time outside. Breathe once in a while.

6. Read. Research your thesis. Read ahead for your classes. Finish that battered copy of *The Divine Comedy* you've been lugging around for semesters in the hopes that you'll find time to finish it. What, you don't have a battered copy of *The Divine Comedy*? Loser.

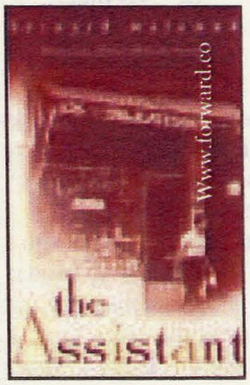
7. Relax. If you're blessed with a frighteningly large workload because your professor thinks that his class is the *only* class, you deserve a break. Sit around the house, bond with your TiVo and eat your parents' food.

From the Stacks: *The Assistant*

By Lauren Stranahan

A few weeks ago I opened my American Novel syllabus to find the next book I was to read for that class and found that *The Assistant* by Bernard Malamud was next on the list. And so I began digging through my pile of books bought at the beginning of the semester, now dwindling to only two or three. I sat down with the goal of finishing one chapter in one sitting, but when I roused myself out of the fit of literary reverie I'd indulged in for three hours straight, I realized that I had fallen in love with a book.

By simply giving the basic summary of *The Assistant* it was easy for me to assume that I would be bored with this novel. The back sleeve informed me that it would be about a Jewish grocer in Brooklyn after World War II named Morris Bober. "Great," I thought, "A book about someone whom I have no way to relate to." However, after only a few sentences, Malamud's beautiful writing quickly changed my mind. While Morris is by no means an exciting character (neither are most other characters), Malamud forces the reader to put him or herself in every character's place. He creates such a vivid story that I found myself feeling as if I were in post-war Brooklyn, living alongside the Bober family.



After meeting Morris, his wife, Ida, and his daughter, Helen, it is hard to ignore the way that this Jewish family is treated in a generally Christian neighborhood. With only a few other Jewish families, there are not many options for friends, or, more importantly, for suitors for Helen. Early in the story Morris is robbed by two men, one of which beats him. A few days after the robbery, Frank Alpine, an Italian man slightly older than Helen begins showing up to help Morris. We later find out that it is out of guilt that Frank begins helping in the store because he was one of the robbers. During Frank's time as Morris' assistant he becomes infatuated with Helen and their relationship quickly develops. The store begins to take in more money Frank as the clerk. Ida believes this is because he is not a Jew and so people like him more. Morris leans toward the idea that Frank is just a better salesman than him. They are suspicious of Frank, and rightly so, as Morris soon find out that he has been stealing from the store, and the reason for the increase in business is that a competing store has gone out of business. Frank finds ways to continue working in the store even though the Bobers do not want him there anymore. His dependence on the store becomes serious, and its combination with his beliefs about suffering and luck leads him to a complete transformation of character leaving him a veritable Morris, only younger.

While the plot is interesting, giving a very real vision of life in post-war America for Jews, the real heart of *The Assistant* is in its characters. It's easy to spot good writing when an author can make a religiously-apathetic suburban upper-middle class college girl relate to a sixty-year-old Jewish grocer in 1930s Brooklyn. The conundrum of Frank's character is intriguing – How is it that a twenty-five year old Italian thief, within the course of just over a year, could completely change his character to more resemble an old grocer than his former self? How can a woman whose husband needs help in his business want to deny giving a job to a man simply because he is not Jewish? Why is it that Helen Bober can't fall in love with the Jewish boys that her mother tells her to? Malamud, through fairly simple yet beautiful writing, develops some of the most memorable characters in American novel history. Even though it was assigned to me for a class, I would recommend *The Assistant* to everyone.

Games of the Year, 2005

By David Gebler

"The Game of The Year" award basically came down to two games: Resident Evil 4 (on Gamecube) and God of War (on PS2). Both were able to accomplish their own individual and respectable feats. Capcom was able to up the ante for Resident Evil once again with polished and splendid looking graphics and also introduced a far superior control scheme to the series. God of War offered its own brew of graphical eye candy (not referring to the sex mini-game… perv) and contagious yet simplistic game play. However, from my own observations, most game reviewers (*Electronic Gaming Monthly, 1up.com)* rewarded Resident Evil 4 with the Game of the Year title.

Ah, fooey!

Resident Evil 4 was a disappointment. There, I've said it and will stand by it. Sure, it's a *fun* game. R.E. fans will discover the most satisfying crunch from removing zombie-head now that the controls actually allow the gamer to aim. The AI is equally as impressive as the graphics (which are as good as it gets on current-gen systems), at times making one feel that real, thought-processing monsters are out to get you. But Resident Evil 4, despite its awfully impressive features, did not 'wow' me. Never once during R.E.4 did I feel immersed in the gaming experience.

I will sum up the plot of Resident Evil 4 right now, so that if you haven't played the game, you can just go right ahead and skip all of the idiotic cut-scenes. The daughter of the president has been captured by Terrorists in Spain. What does the government do? Send the army? No. Special Forces? No. An ex-police officer wearing a leather jacket, a slick hair do, and wielding sarcastic lingo? That's right. Leon Kennedy, who will now be referred to as Shaft, is on the job. And Shaft loves his job; which basically consists of running around and blowing the shit out of parasite infected Spaniards. Fun? You bet. Stupid? Oh yeah. Anyway, Shaft kills everything in his path and eventually finds the presidents daughter, who of course has big perky breasts and full, luscious thighs in a skirt. Then Shaft loses President's daughter.

*See **Game** on the next page*

Movie Review: *The Sentinel*

By Phil Doccolo

Did you ever wonder what would happen if CSI, The West Wing, and 24 were combined into a poorly-written 108-minute episode? Well, wonder no more because *The Sentinel* is out in theaters! I tend to enjoy the politics-oriented crime drama genre, but *The Sentinel* just didn't meet my standards for a good movie.

The story vaguely centers around the well-liked and respected Secret Service Agent, Pete Garrison (Michael Douglas) who took a bullet for Reagan 20 years ago. Heading the First Lady's detail, he lives in a world of structured plans, codenames, motorcades, and protocol. The story beings when his friend and co-worker tries to tell him the details of a secret conspiracy that he has uncovered but is mysteriously (predictably) murdered before getting the chance. The Secret Service's top investigative agent, David Breckinridge (Keifer Sutherland), looks into the death. Once best friends, Breckinridge and Garrison are now hostile colleagues. The tension between them mounts as all of the evidence leads Breckinridge to declare that Garrison is a part of a conspiracy to kill the president. The Secret Service and FBI chase Garrison as he tries to discover the real mole in the Agency and save the president's life. Garrison's skill and experience enable him to repeatedly outwit the entire Secret Service. But can he save the president in time?!

The plot carefully avoids politics or anything else that might clearly define who the characters are and why the audience should care about them. The problem is that there are too many main characters to adequately develop them: Pete Garrison, David Breckinridge, Breckinridge's new assistant, Jill Marin (Eva Longoria), president Ballentine (David Rasche), 1st Lady Sarah Ballenitne (Kim Basinger), and Secret Service agent, William Montrose (Martin Donovoan). Also, there are too many plots for one to focus on deeply enough: a conspiracy to kill the president, the tension between Breckinridge and Garrison, discovering the real mole in the Secret Service, a dangerous love affair, and Breckinridge and the FBI pursuit of Pete Garrison. The cinematography and split screen editing make the film feel more like a prime-time TV show than a theatrical endeavor. At times the story is strikingly similar to *Guarding Tess*, but with Douglas as an inadequate substitute for Nicholas Cage.

The screenplay, written by George Nolfi, features some of the most hackneyed dialogue that I've heard in a while. I guess that every professional government agency has to have its token "sarcastic guy" who spouts such witty *bons mots* as "What's the protocol for *that*?!" in response to a problem with the radios. It can be difficult to watch such talented actors delivering such weak lines but at the same time, you almost can't help but laugh a little (I know I did).

The cast was the one redeeming part of the movie. The main characters, Keifer Sutherland and Michael Douglas were as good in this movie as in anything that they have done. Though David Breckinridge could have easily been named Jack Bauer, and Pete Garrison is typical of any of Michael Douglas' roles, it worked because no one is better at playing those archetypal characters as these men. Kim Basinger is a strong entity in the movie but does not have a prevalent enough part to do justice to her work. All of the actors are to be commended for being able to make the movie as entertaining as it is in spite of the quality of the script.

So if you really like prime time thriller dramas and corny dialogue, you should go see *The Sentinel*. Otherwise, save your money.

Game, continued from pg. 15

Then he finds president's daughter. Loses her. Finds her, and so on and so on. Along the way, Shaft encounters horrendously clichéd villains, such as a squeaky voiced midget, a gruff military soldier, and of course the religious fanatic that grows a giant third leg from under his robe (I wish I was lying). Shaft kills bad guys. Shaft escapes on water-jet across the whole Atlantic Ocean with the Presidents daughter. The End.

Okay. That's slightly exaggerated (and by slightly, I of course mean incredibly), but that's how Resident Evil 4 feels. When its all said and done, you won't be inspired by this game.

In comparison, God of War is like hand grenades against water balloons (Presentation wise). GoW is the *Iliad* of the videogame market. As Homer's epic tells of the wrath of Achilles, GoW tells of the destructive vengeance of Kratos. This of course goes into another controversial issue over videogames; explicit violence. And for those of you who haven't played 2005's absolute best game, there is enough blood and gore to go around for a second meal. This is not for children. And while other games focus on carnage that seems gratuitous, the violence in GoW serves its purpose. When playing this game, you will say, "Oh my god, did he just do that?" What does Kratos do? Ripping the wings off harpies, ripping zombies in half, ripping off Gorgon's heads; it's all in a days work for the protagonist of GoW. And while this sounds pointless, you have to keep in mind that the story is trying to present that Kratos is a vicious monster whose own lust for power and glory ultimately consumed his wife and child. From the burden of his sins, Kratos becomes a slave for the Gods, in hopes of releasing the agony that haunts his mind. This is just a taste of the fully developed plot that is presented smoothly and steadily throughout the game. With an incredible soundtrack, remarkable graphics, and insane controls, God of War is a game that should be in every PS2 owner's collection.